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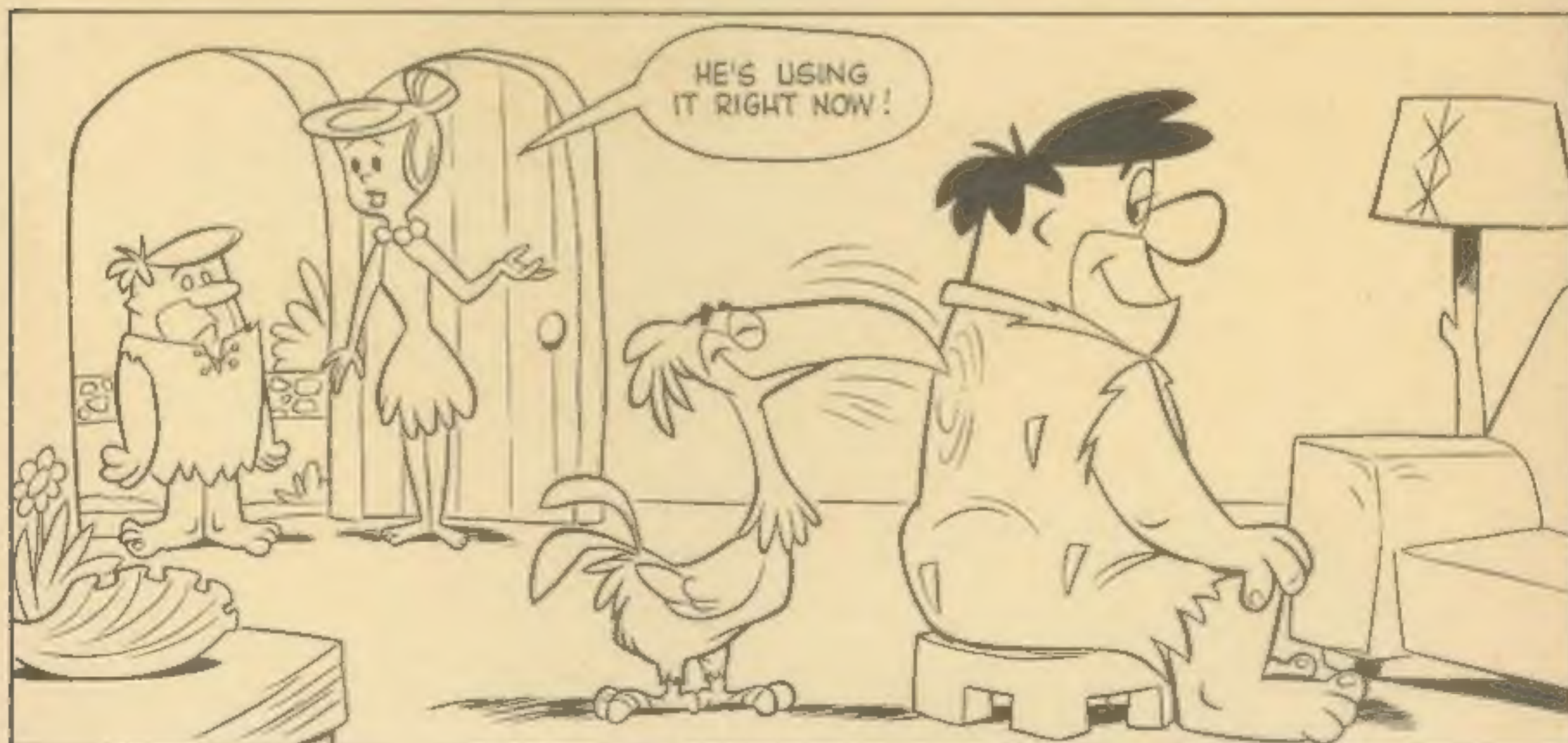
Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES

HANDY LITTLE GADGET



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

HOLLYROCK HOLIDAY

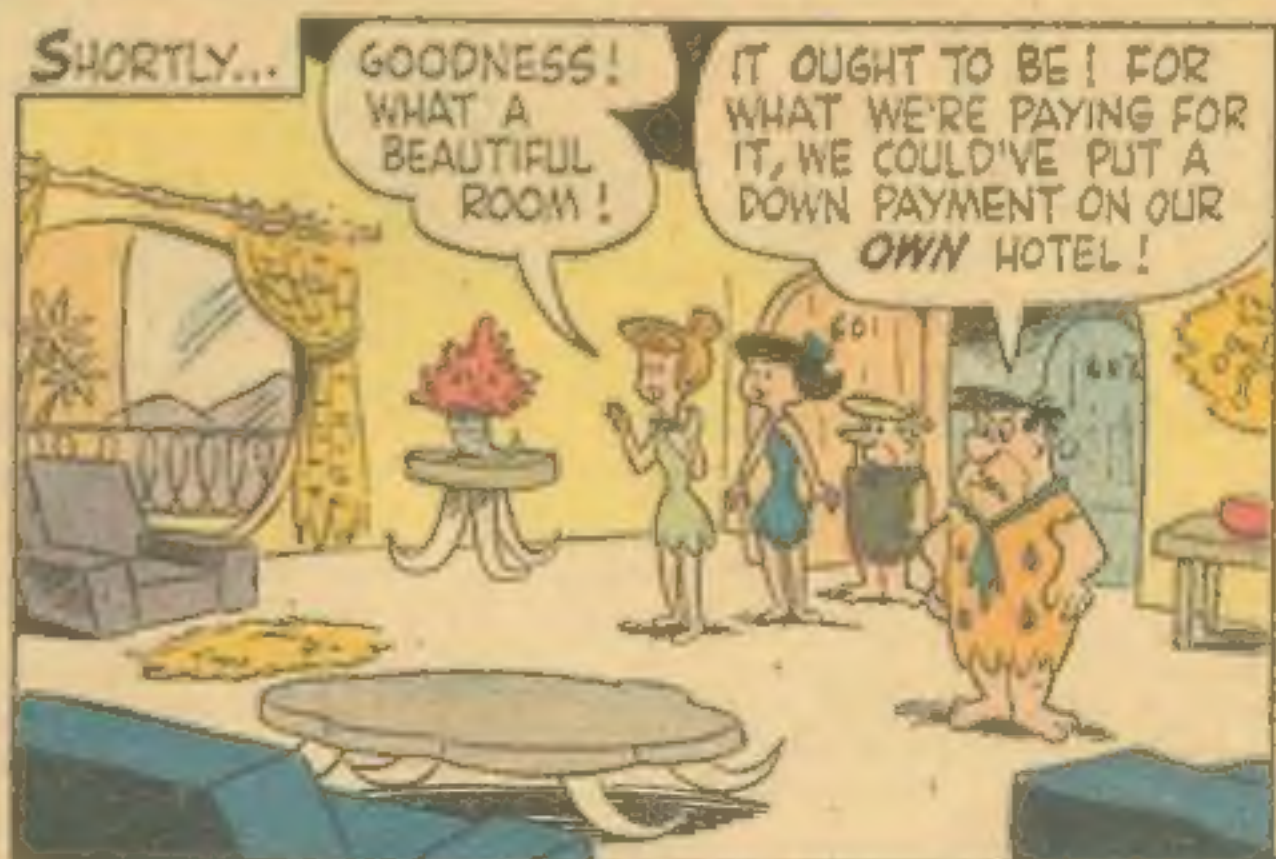
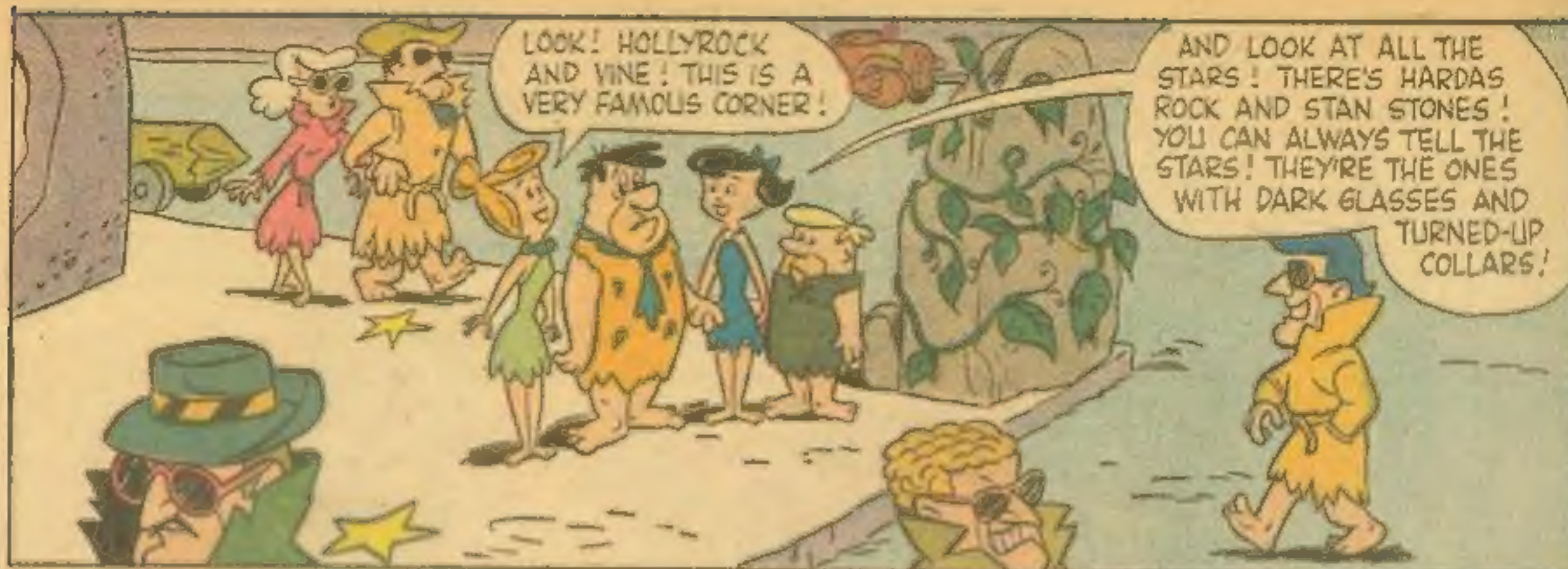


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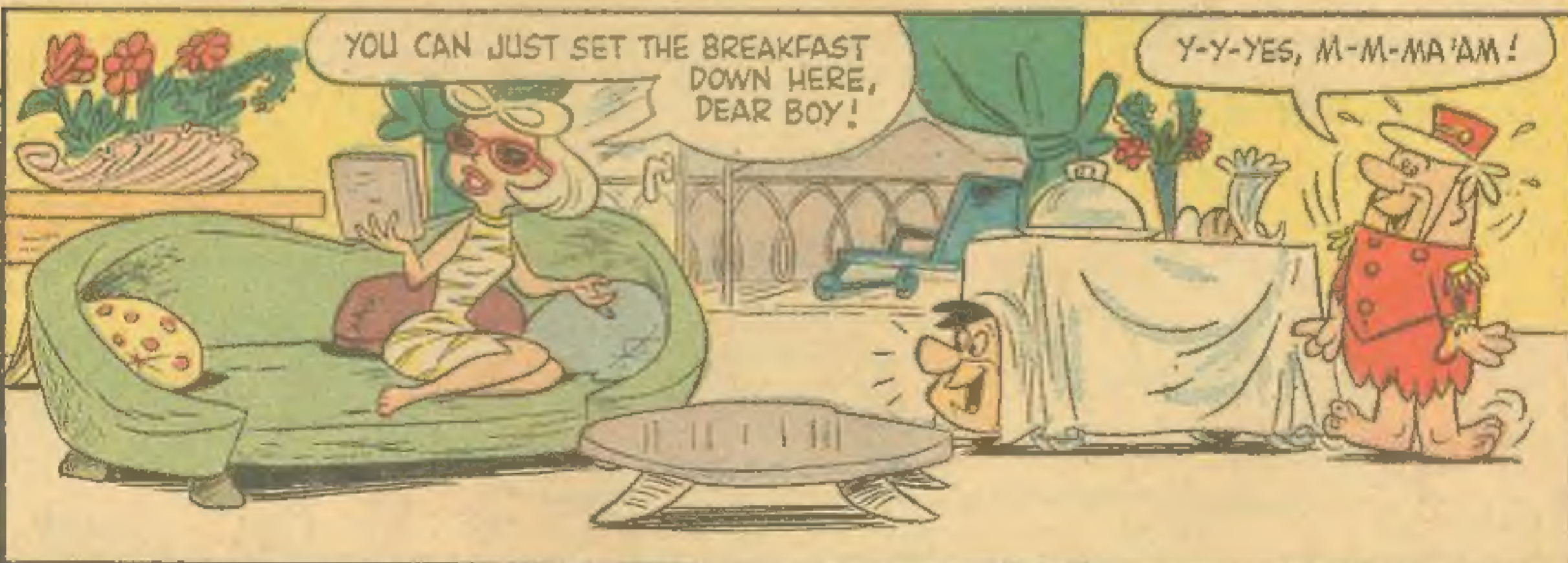
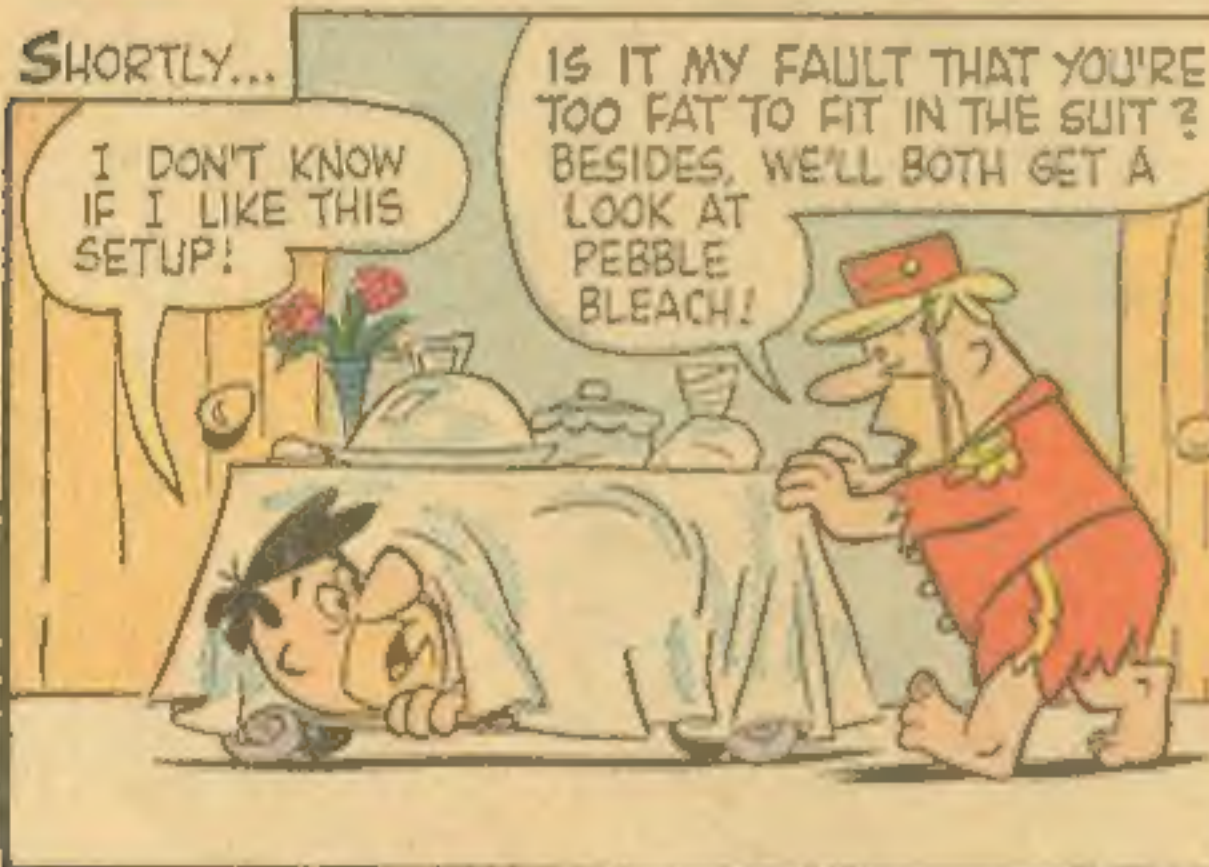
THE FLINTSTONES, No. 6, July-Aug., 1962. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Moyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold F. Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and possessions 90c per year. Subscriptions in Canada \$1.15 per year; Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.40 per year. Dell Subscription Service: Box 2200, Grand Central P.O., New York 17, N.Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

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I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE RIGHT AWAY! IMAGINE, ROBBERS TRYING TO CRAWL UP TO MY ROOM! IT'LL BE SWELL PUBLICITY!



YEEOWWWW! WHAT WORSE COULD HAPPEN?

SNAP!

IT JUST DID! THE TOWELS CAME UNDONE!



LOOK! THE BOYS DECIDED TO COME SWIMMING AFTER ALL!

SPLASH! SPLASH!

GEE! YOU COULD'VE AT LEAST WAITED LONG ENOUGH TO PUT ON YOUR BATHING SUITS!



COME ON, GIRLS! GET YOUR THINGS! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

OH, NO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, BUT WE'RE ENJOYING OUR VACATION HERE IN HOLLYROCK!



OKAY! OKAY! WE'LL STAY IN HOLLYROCK! LET'S JUST SCRAM FROM HERE!

WE'LL TAKE YOU TO AN EVEN NICER HOTEL...AND OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT! ONLY, LET'S GO!



So...

WOW! THEY MUST BE TWO MOVIE STARS HIDING OUT FROM ORDINARY PEOPLE!

NOPE! WE'RE ORDINARY PEOPLE HIDING OUT FROM A MOVIE STAR!

TEE, HEE! I THINK THE BOYS HAVE GONE HOLLYROCK!

THE BROWN BEARSKIN

THE END

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THE
FLINTSTONES

GOLFBALL BRANNIGAN

HO HO! OLD SMARTY
BARNEY HAS BEATEN ME
FOR THE LAST TIME!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK
OF THIS IDEA
BEFORE?

YOO HOO!
COME ON,
FRED!



TODAY'S OUR DECIDING MATCH, YOU KNOW!
WHOEVER LOSES HAS TO CARRY THE WINNER'S
CLUBS FOR A WHOLE MONTH! HEH...EVERY
TIME WE PLAY!

HOLD YOUR HORSES!



I'M READY FOR YOU, PAL!
AND WHEN WE GET OVER
TO THE GOLF COURSE,
YOU'RE IN FOR A
SURPRISE!

A SURPRISE?



GEE! I HOPE
IT ISN'T BETTER
THAN MY
SURPRISE!

YES SIREE! YOU'LL SOON SEE
HOW THE INVENTIVE MIND OF
FRED FLINTSTONE IS ABOUT
TO IMPROVE THE GAME OF
STONE
AGE
GOLF!

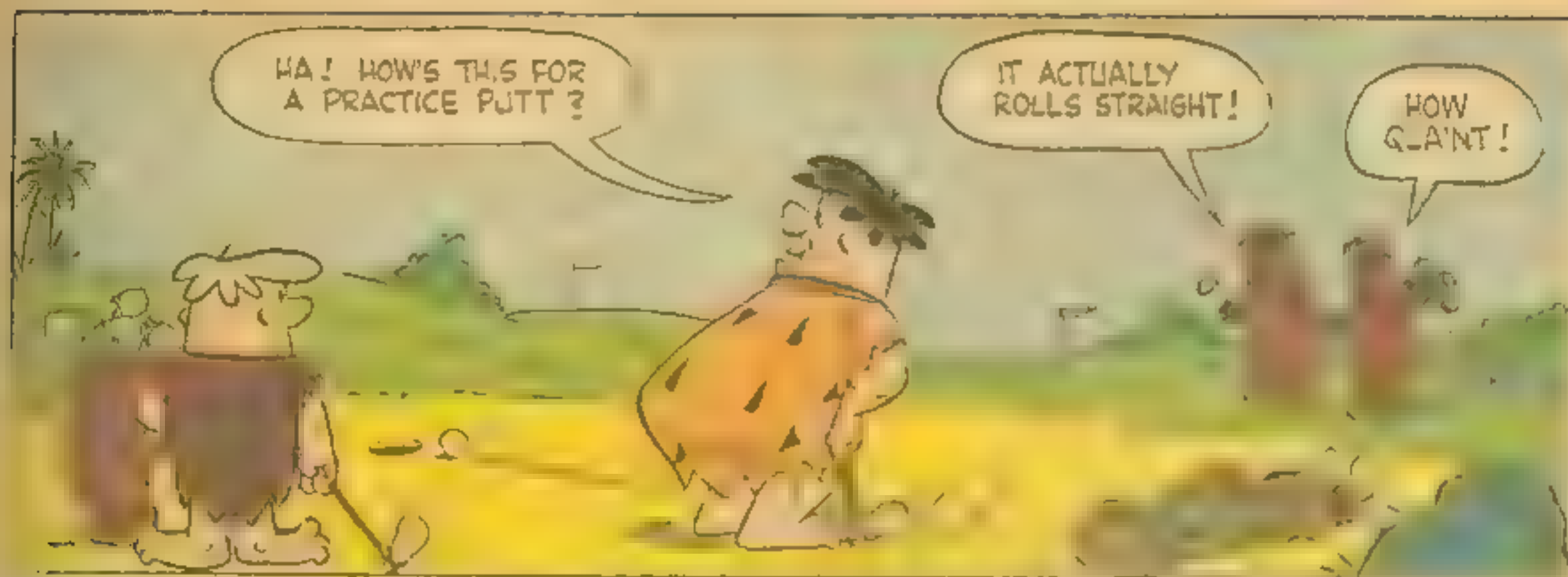


OKAY! NOW TAKE A LOOK! SEE! I
CHIPPED AND RUBBED ONE
OF MY BALLS PERFECTLY
ROUND!

A PERFECTLY
ROUND GOLF
BALL?

MY WORD!
WHAT NEXT?





AND SEVENTEEN HOLES LATER...



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

NO! NO! NO!
IT MUST BE LUCK!
BUT **NOBODY** CAN
BE SO LUCKY!



U-M...M... WELL, I MADE
IT AROUND IN 62! HEH...
AND THANKS TO YOUR
FANCY NEW ROUND
BALL YOU ONLY
TOOK A 236!

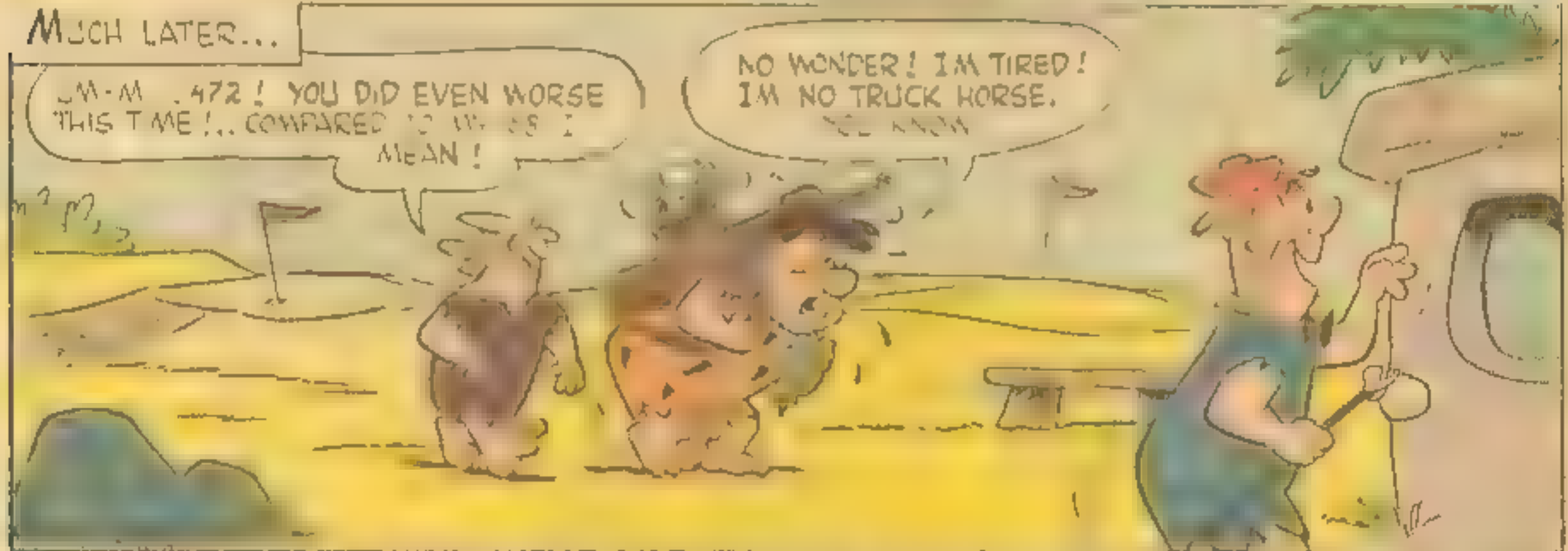
OKAY! YOU WON!
I'LL CARRY YOUR
BAGS FOR A
MOMENT.



GREAT!
LET'S GO
ANOTHER
ROUND AND
YOU CAN
START
NOW.

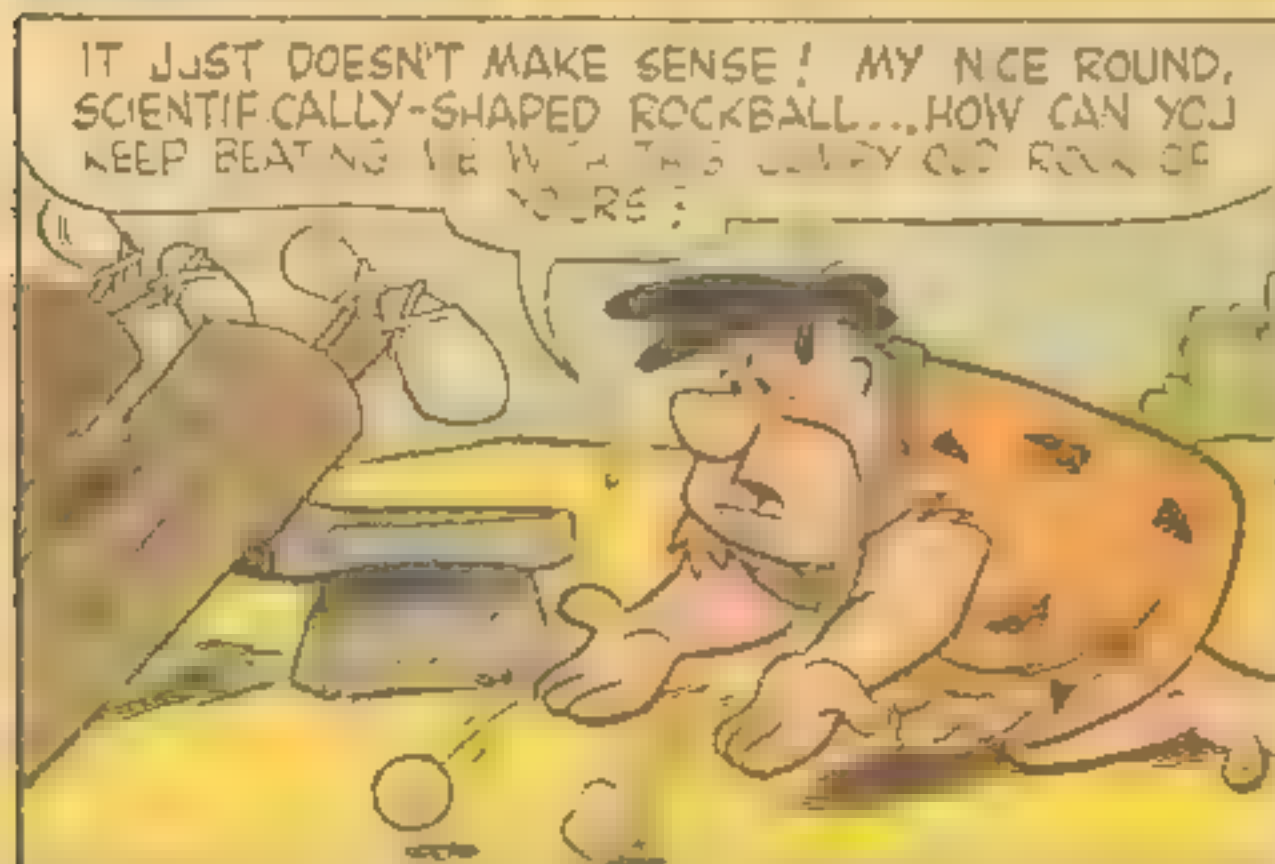
HEY TAKE IT EASY
THE BALLS
ARE TOO
HEAVY.

MUCH LATER...



U-M...M... 472! YOU DID EVEN WORSE
THIS TIME!... COMPARED TO MY 62 I
MEAN!

NO WONDER! I'M TIRED!
I'M NO TRUCK HORSE.
YOU KNOW

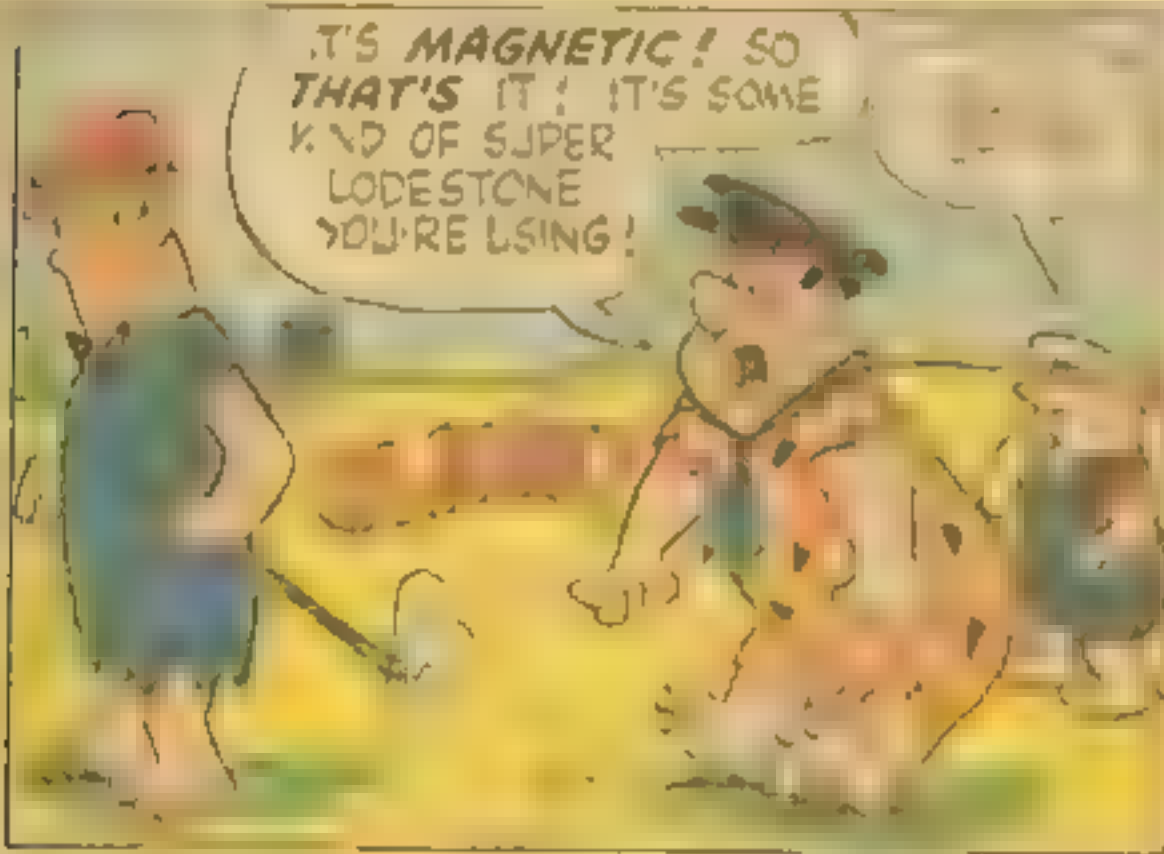


IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! MY NICE ROUND,
SCIENTIFICALLY-SHAPED ROCKBALL...HOW CAN YOU
KEEP BEATING ME WITH THIS CRUDE OLD ROCK OF
YOURS?



LET'S JUST
SAY I'M WHAT
CHAMPIONS ARE
MADE OF!

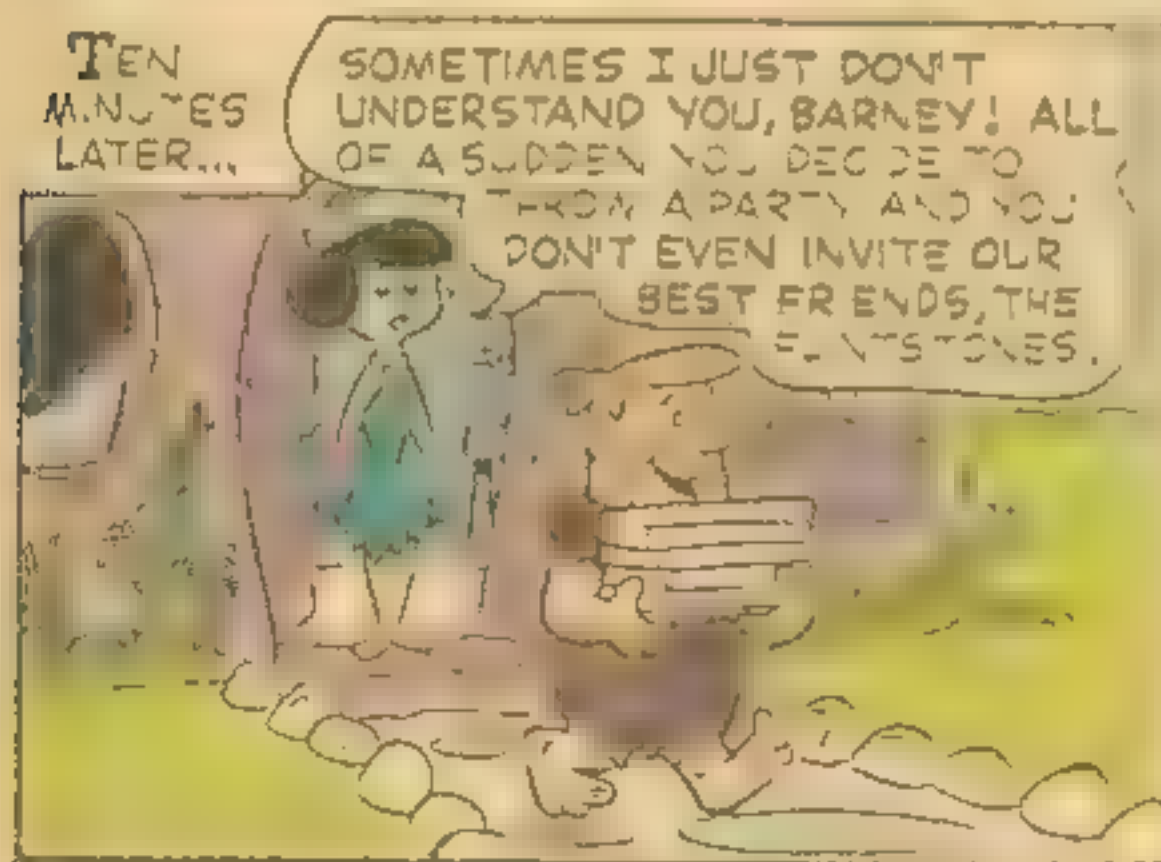
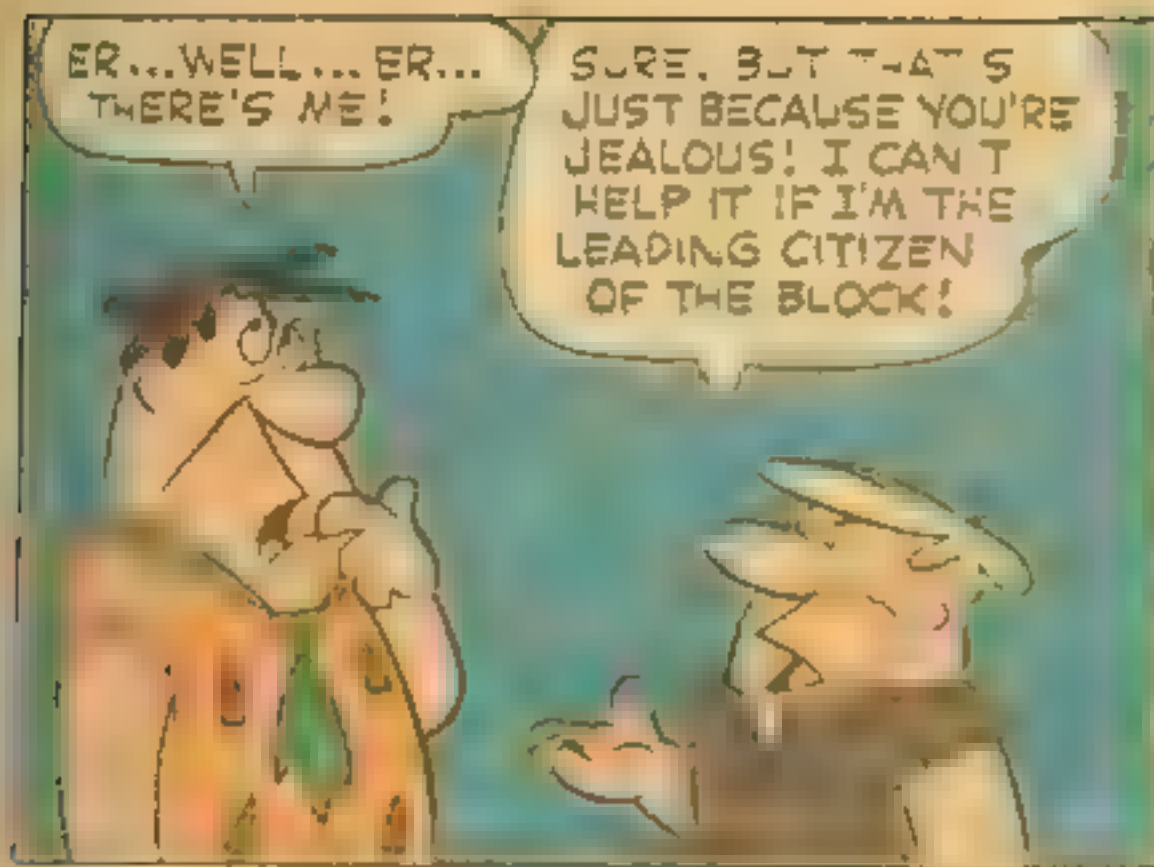
HERE! TRY
MY NEW IRON
CLUBHEAD!



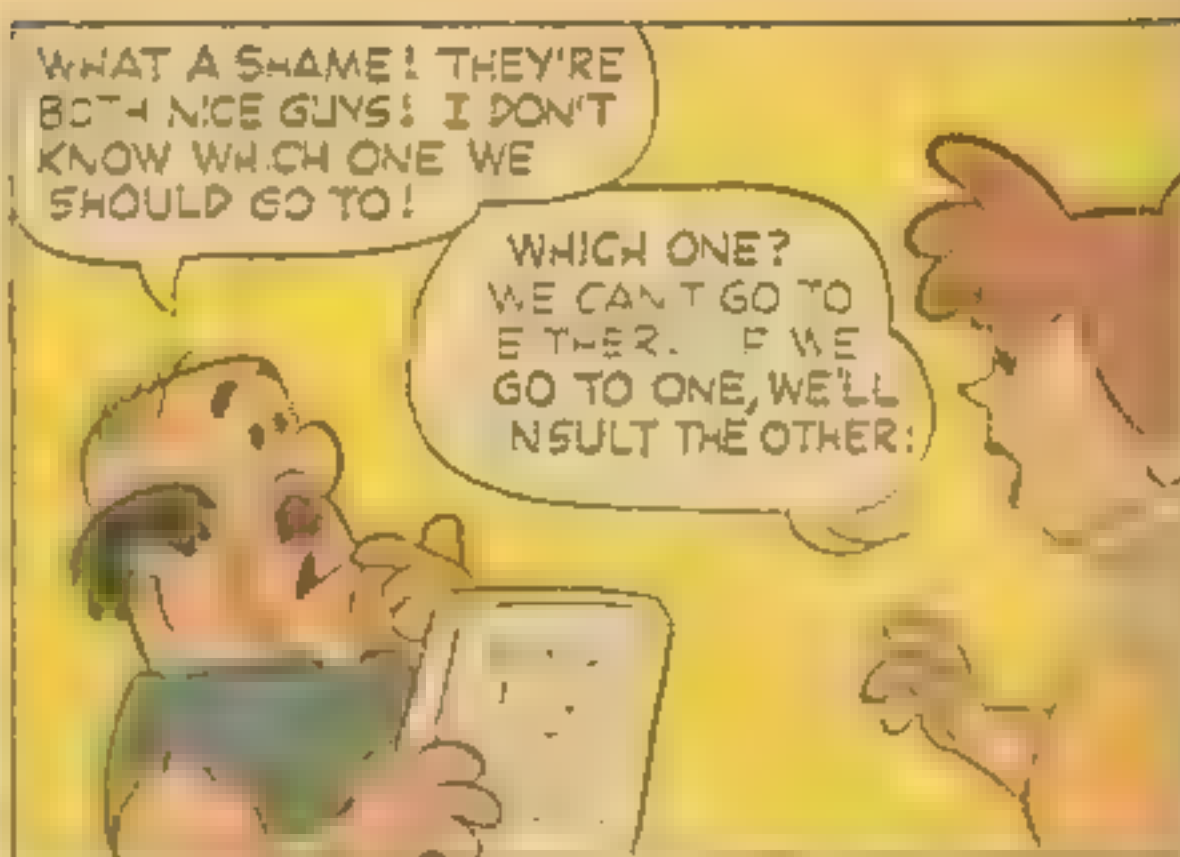
Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

POPULARITY CONTEST

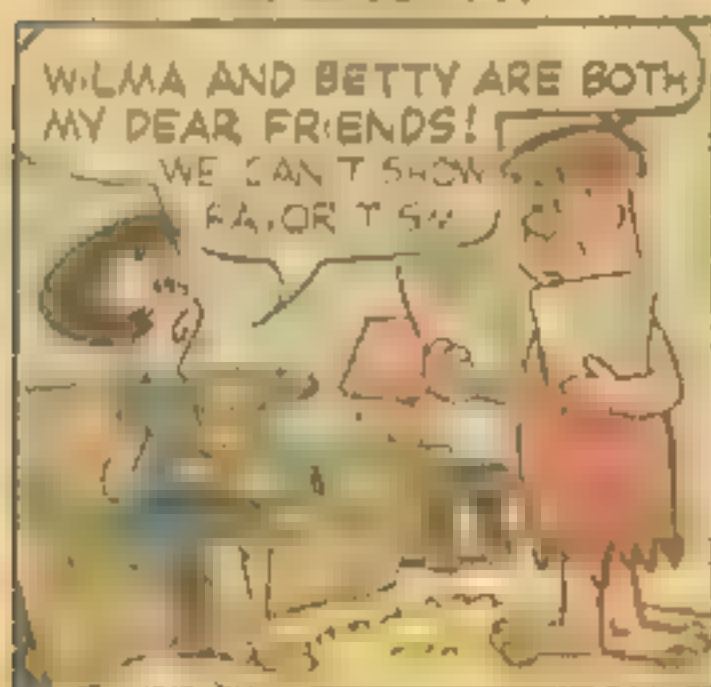




SOON...

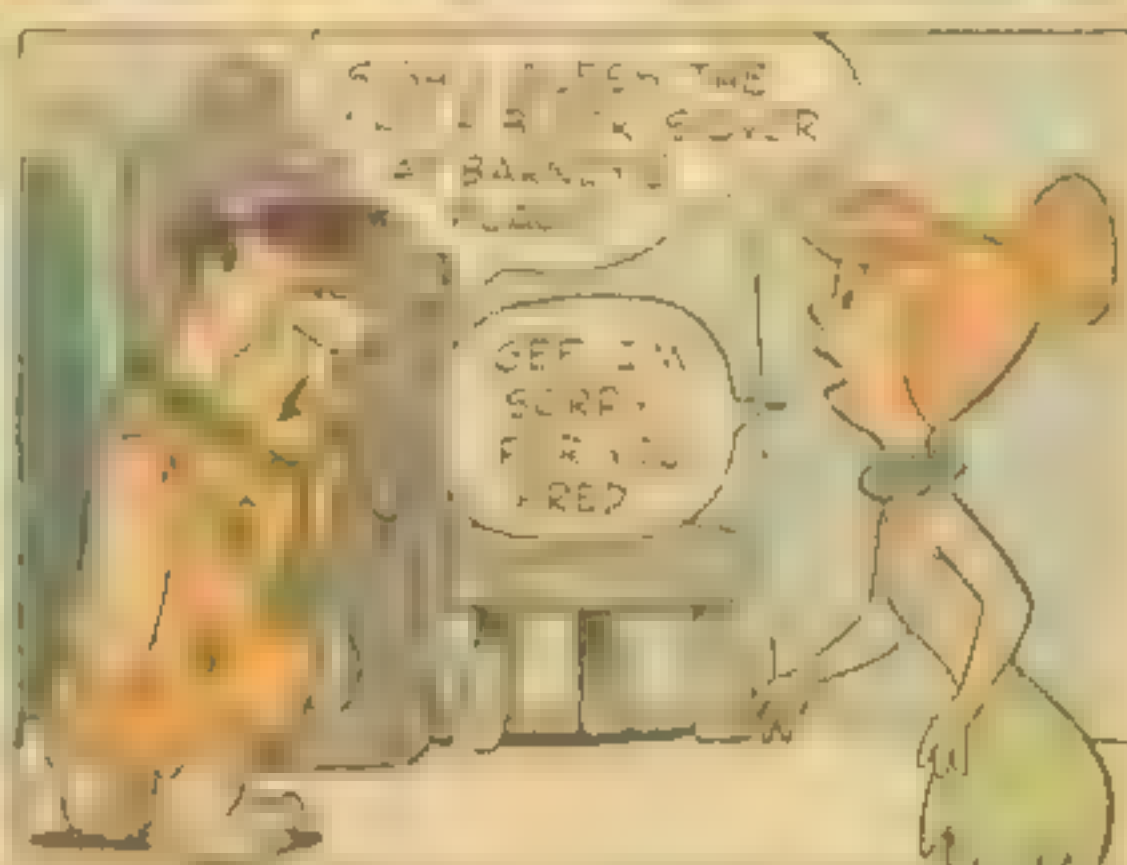
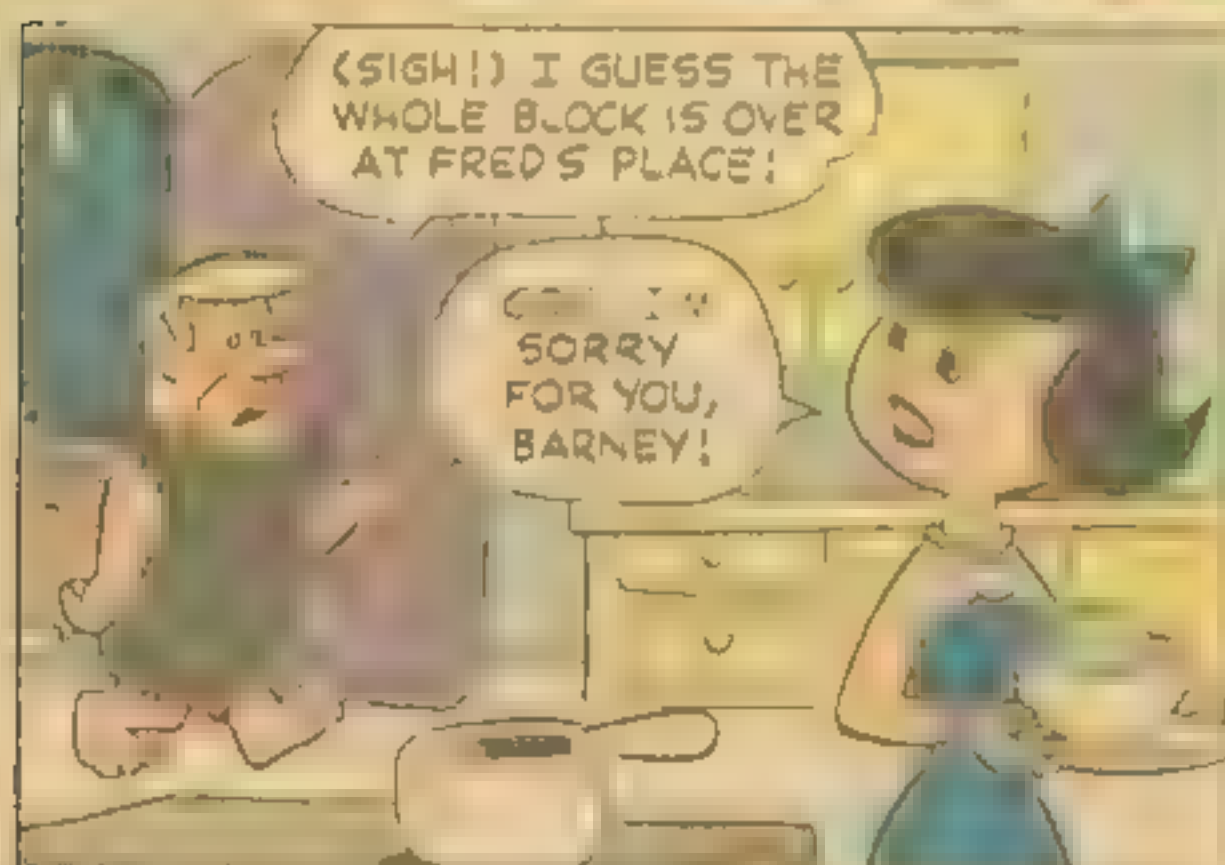
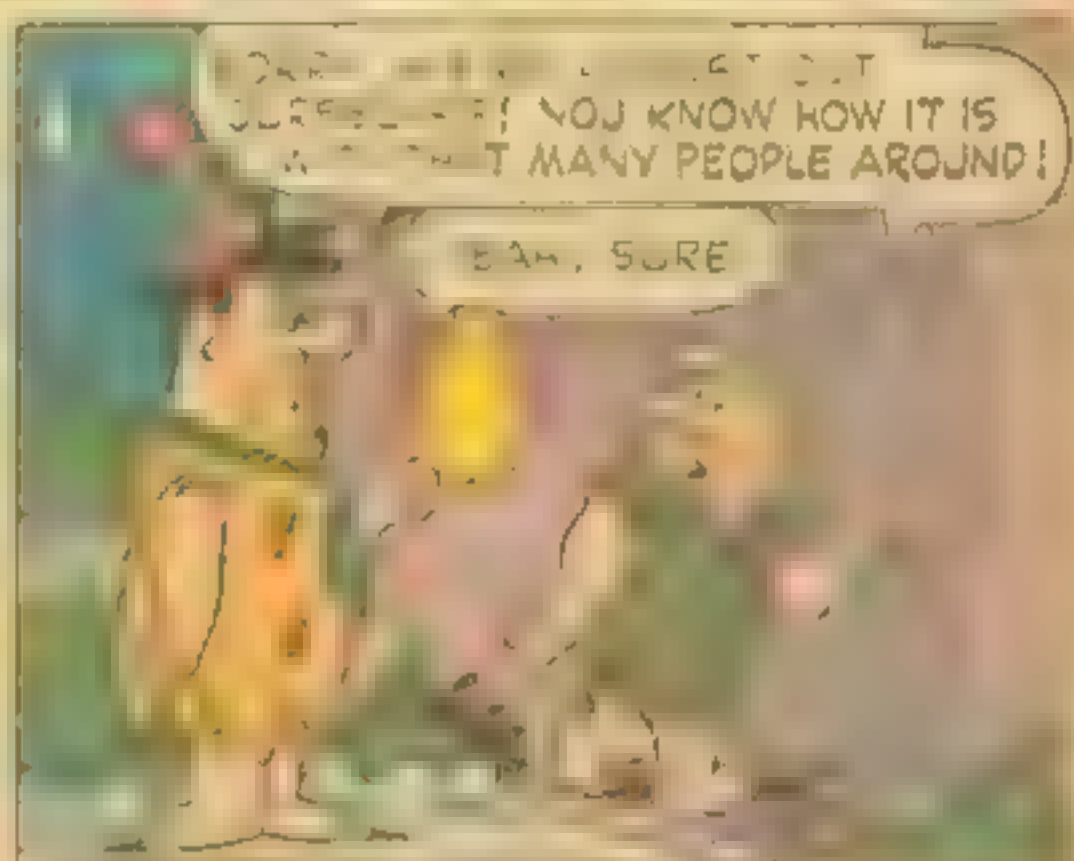


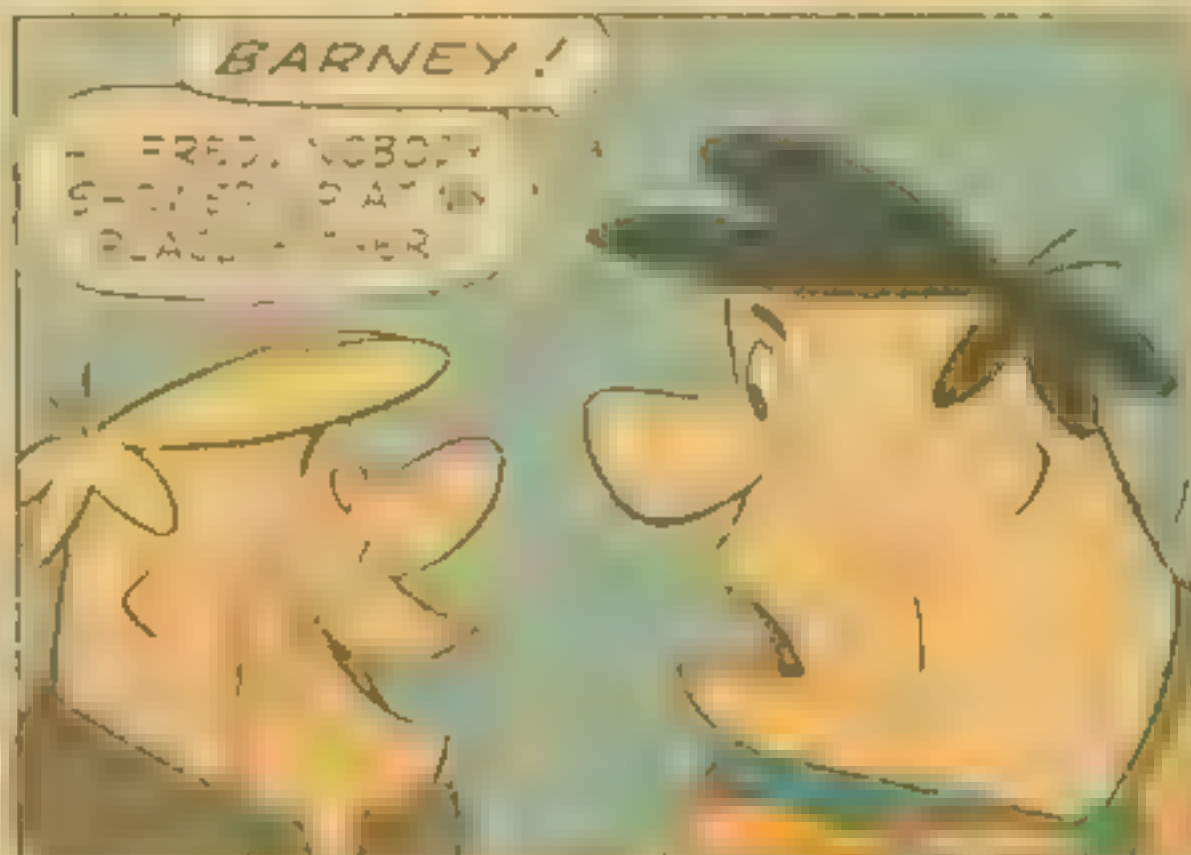
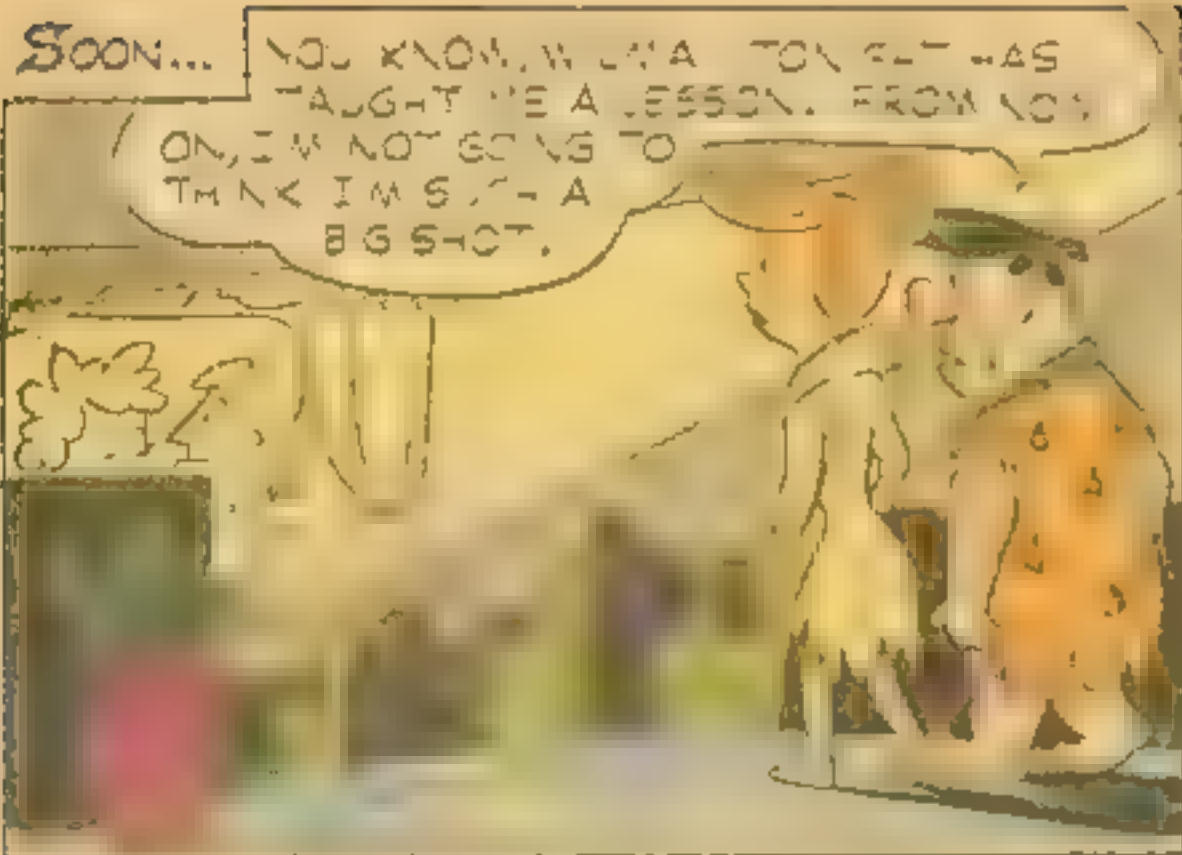
THE SAME SCENE IS REPEATING ITSELF ALL THE BLOCK...



THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...ER, PARTIES...







HAPPY LOSER



"What I have to do," said Sandy Stone, "is win the Rockpit Beach swimming cup."

"You'd better," Sally warned, "or Paul Pebble's name is mud!"

For years Paul Pebble had taught swimming at Rockpit Beach. Standing on the sand, his faded tigerskin toga flapping around his thin legs, he had commanded generations of kids to "kick, two, three, four." Each beginning class (Paul called them "tadpoles") had obediently kicked, two, three, four, and soon had found themselves swimming. Sally and Sandy had taken Paul's lessons, and Sandy was now Paul's prize pupil.

Paul's troubles began when Bob Boulder, a champion athlete, had come to Rockpit and started giving swimming lessons, too. Soon after Bob appeared, a strange rumor made the rounds. It was said that Paul Pebble, venerable instructor at Rockpit, really did not know how to swim! It could not be true, Sandy and Sally assured each other. Yet, they had to admit that Paul never went into the water. He did all his teaching from the beach.

"I'll bet Bob Boulder made up that story about Paul," Sandy muttered, staring at the crowd that had come to the beach for the mid-summer water festival. Paul Pebble was there, quietly watching Bob Boulder's beginning class splash offshore. Paul's own class of "tadpoles" was the smallest ever this year — only three pupils!

"It's sure hurting Paul," Sally sighed. "Sandy, you've got to win today. Casey Cartridge is Bob Boulder's best advanced swimmer. Beat him and you will really give Paul's reputation a big boost!"

Soon, Mayor Limerock announced the race for the advanced swimmers.

"Wish me luck," Sandy said, taking his place at the end of the jetty, along with Casey

Cartridge and a few other boys.

"Ready..." cried the mayor. "Go!"

The boys headed for the big rock in the bay. Each boy had to swim to the rock, touch it, turn, and race back to the jetty.

Sandy and Casey, evenly matched, soon left the other racers behind. The rock loomed nearer and nearer, then both boys touched it and turned back.

Casey was beginning to tire. His breath came raggedly. Sandy, swimming smoothly, now could pick out the faces on the jetty. He stroked faster, pulling ahead of Casey, who was beginning to thrash a bit.

"Just a few yards," Sandy thought.

He was reaching for the side of the jetty when it happened — a sharp pain in his stomach. Sandy doubled up, choking on salt water. He was dimly aware of Casey speeding past to finish the race.

There was a splash beside Sandy, and strong hands pulled at him. He recalled nothing else until he found himself on his back on the jetty, the sun in his eyes and Sally bending over him anxiously.

"I goofed it," Sandy groaned. "What a time to get a cramp! I lost!"

"Maybe," Sally said, "but you sure fixed Paul up solid."

"Solid? How?" Sandy sat up and saw Paul! The old instructor was the center of a throng of people. Everyone was trying to shake his hand at once. And, wonder of wonders, Paul was dripping wet!

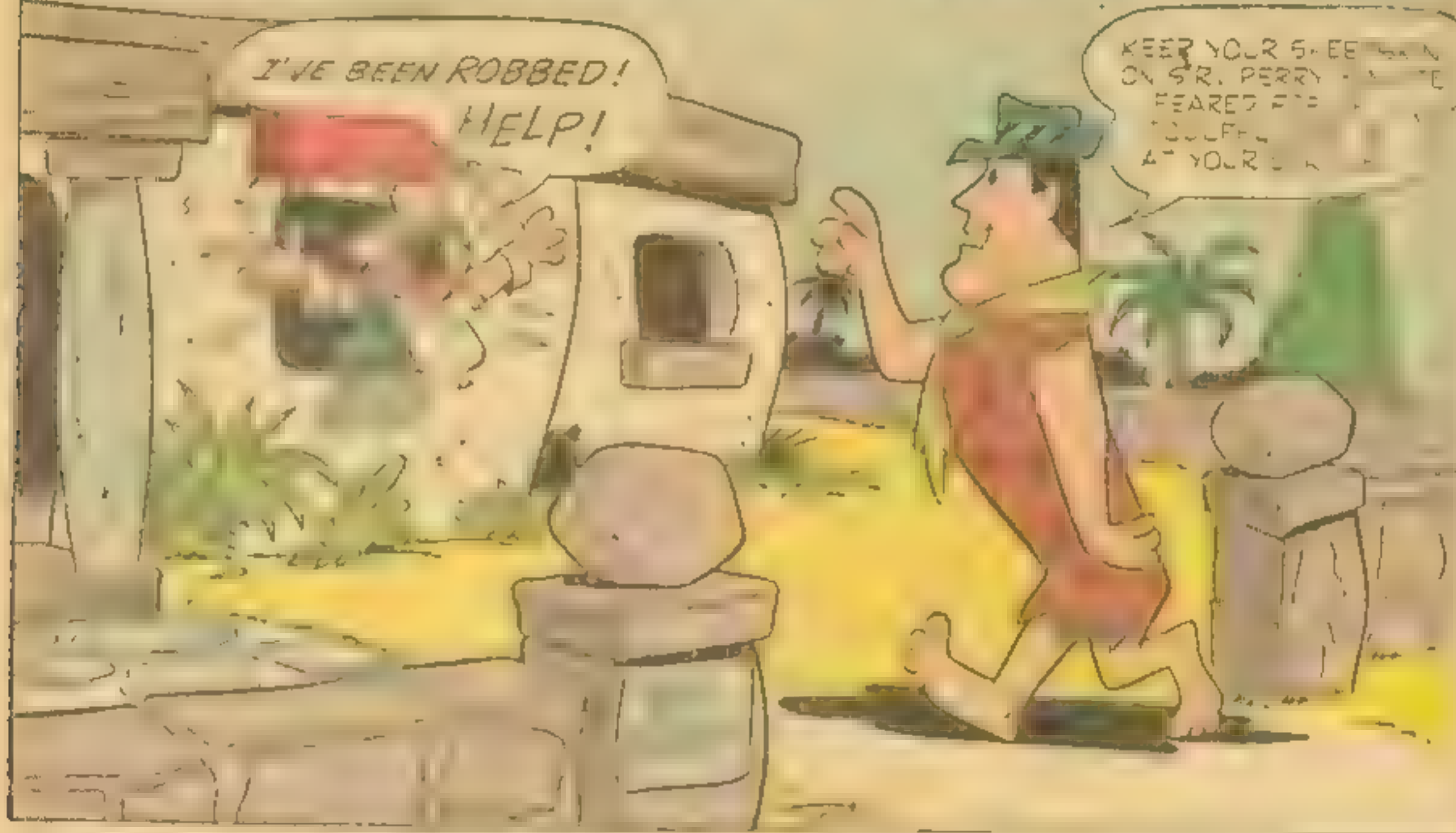
"Paul dived in and rescued you," Sally explained. "He saved your life, and you, for once and all, proved that Paul can really swim."

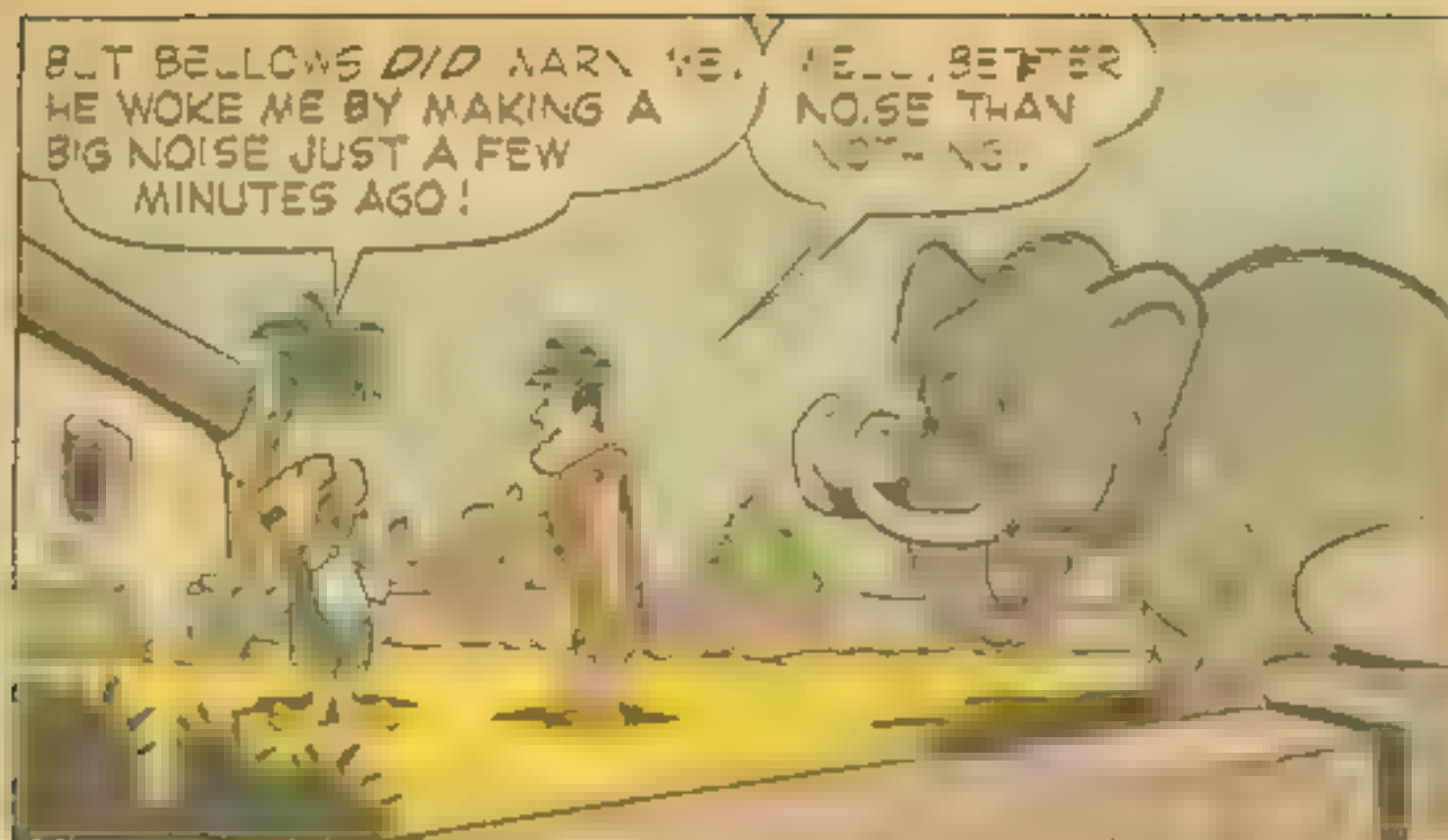
Sandy tried to reach Paul to thank him, but he could not... too many parents were entering their young children in Paul Pebble's "tadpole" class.

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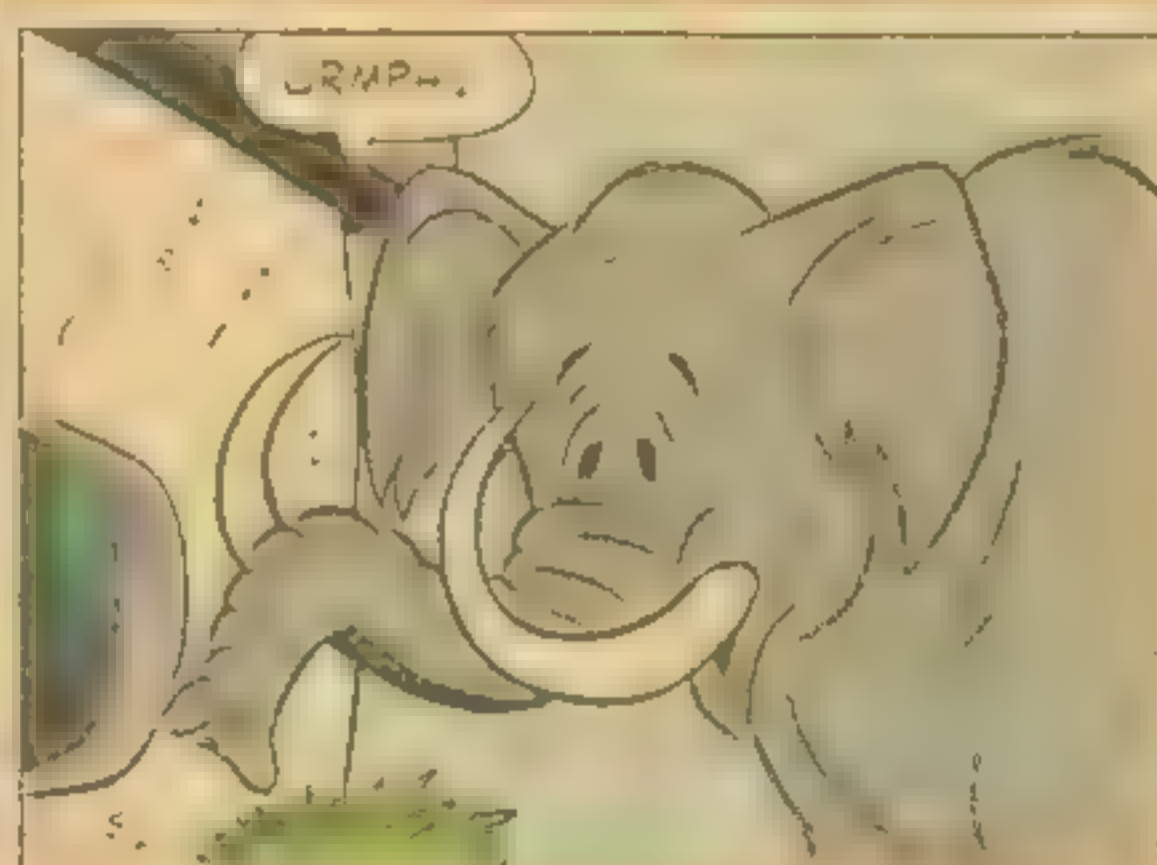
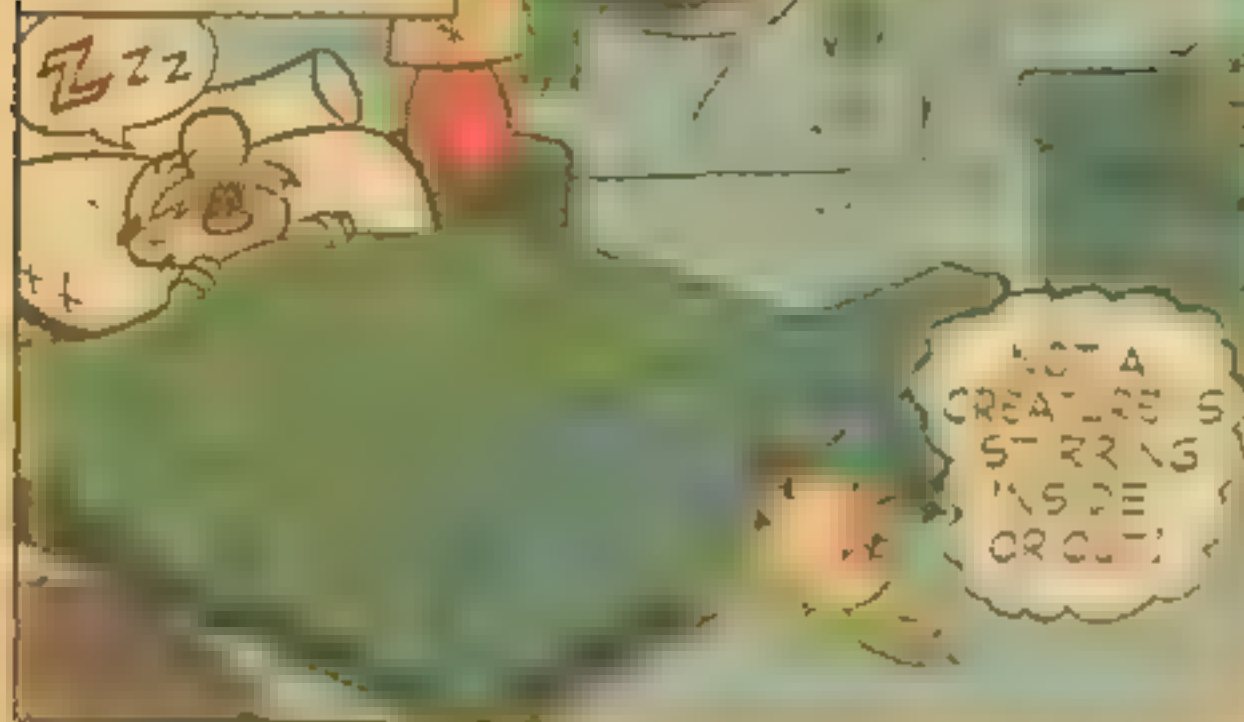
PERRY
GUNNITE

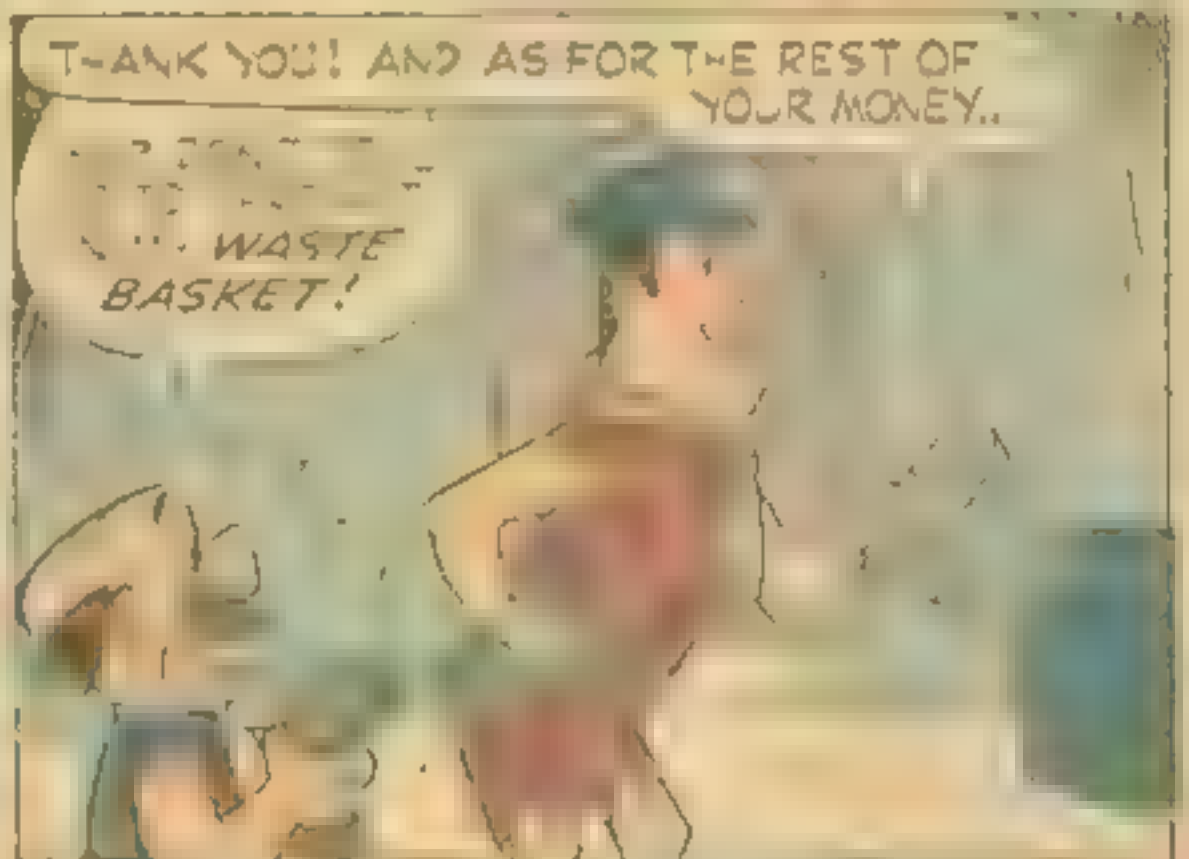
The INSIDE-OUT JOB





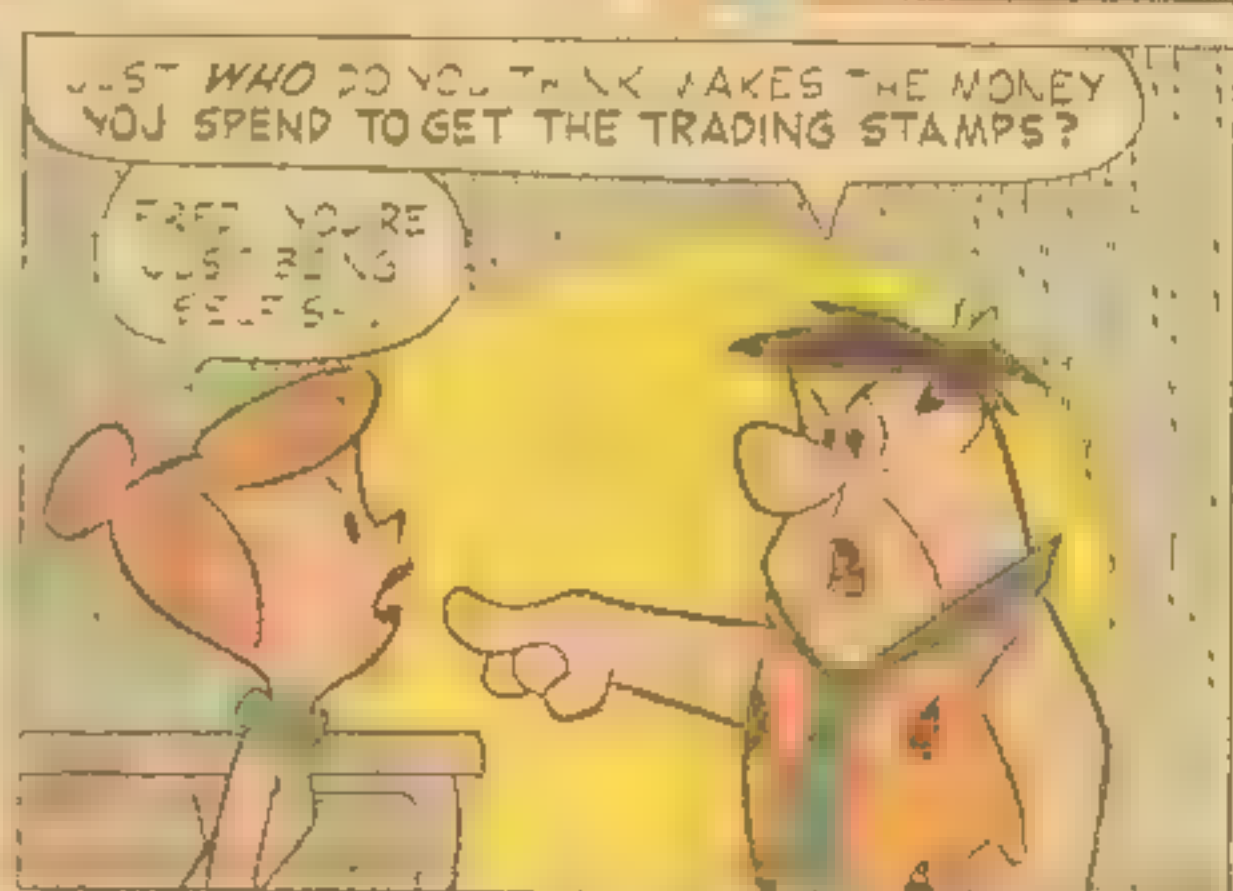
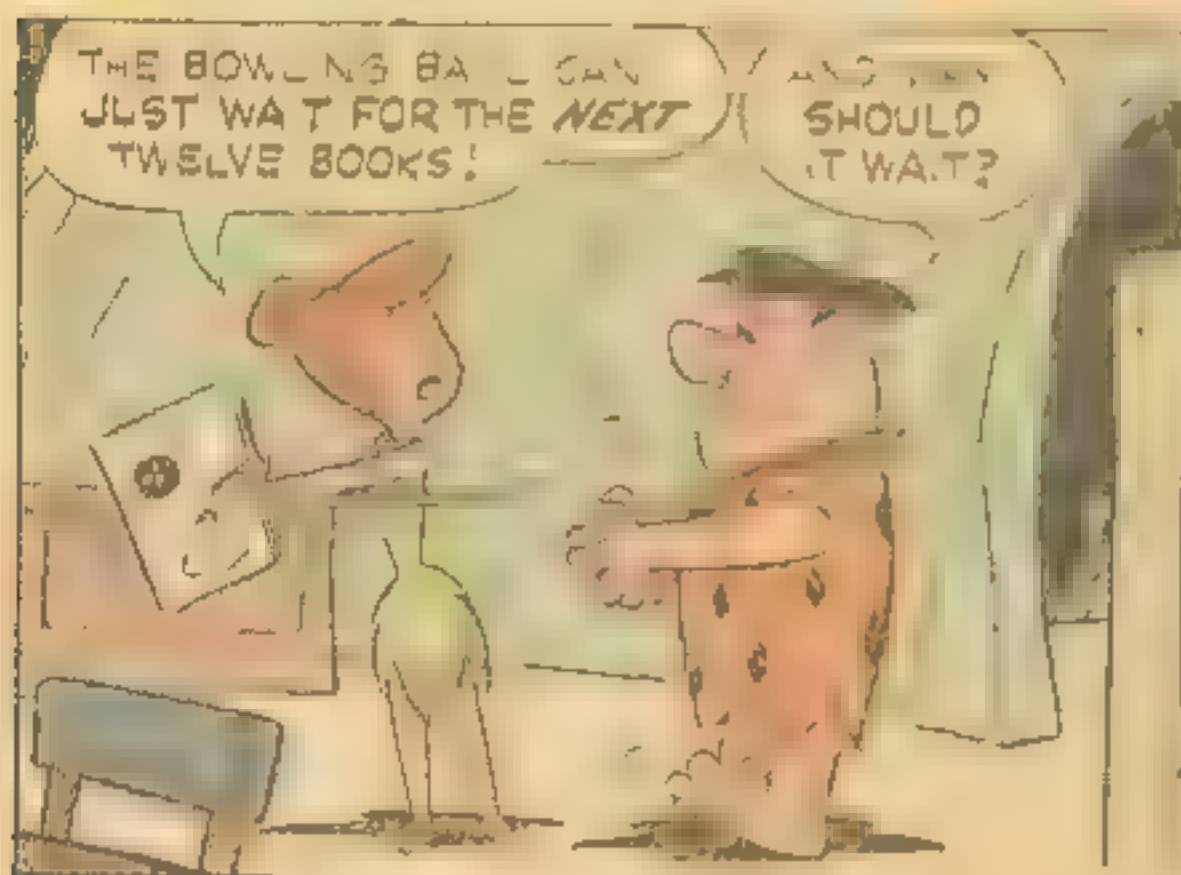
BUT ALL THROUGH
THE NIGHT...

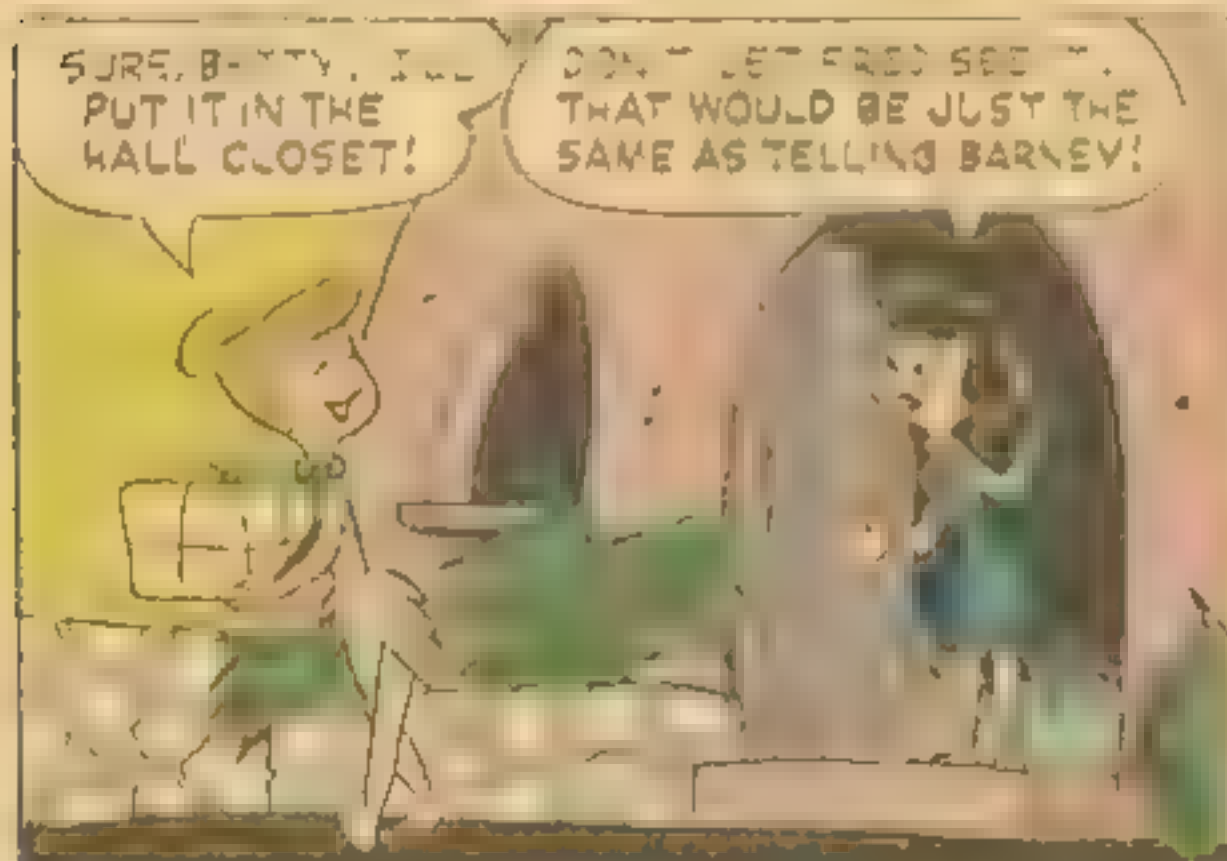
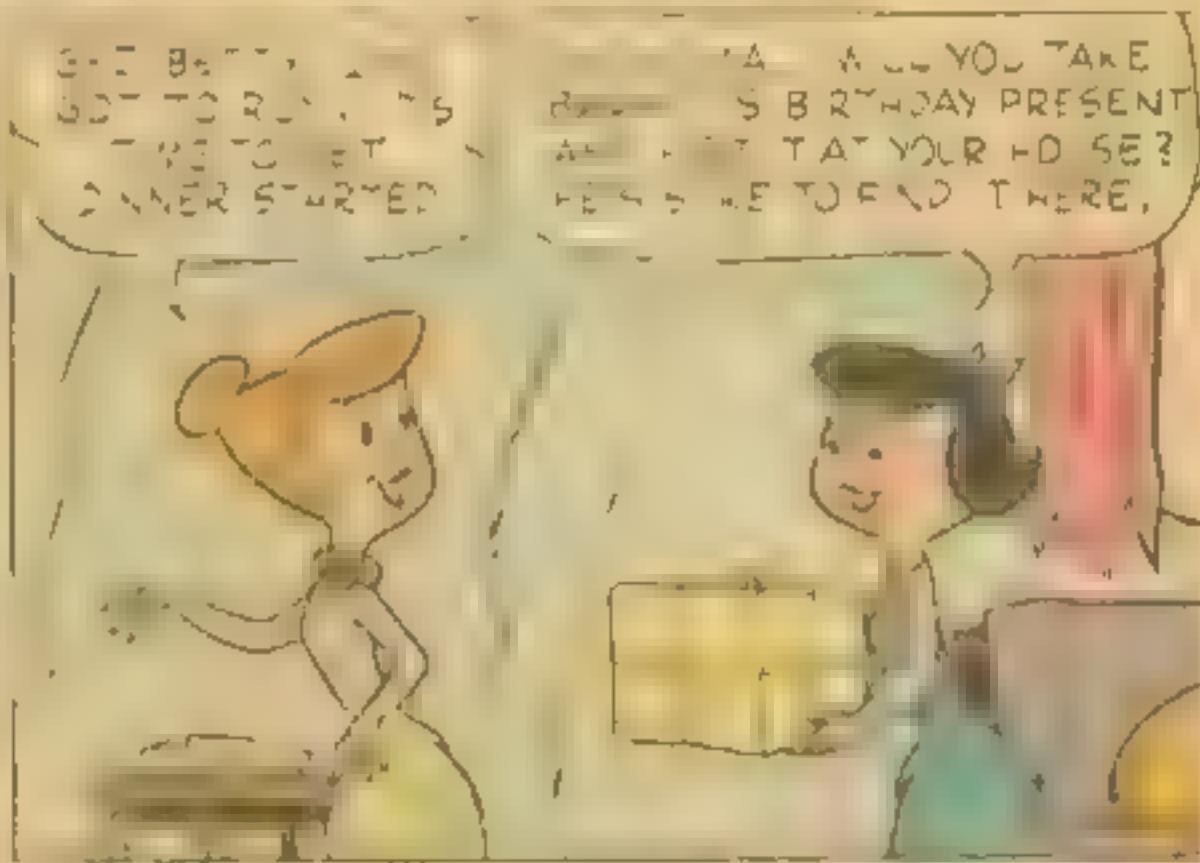
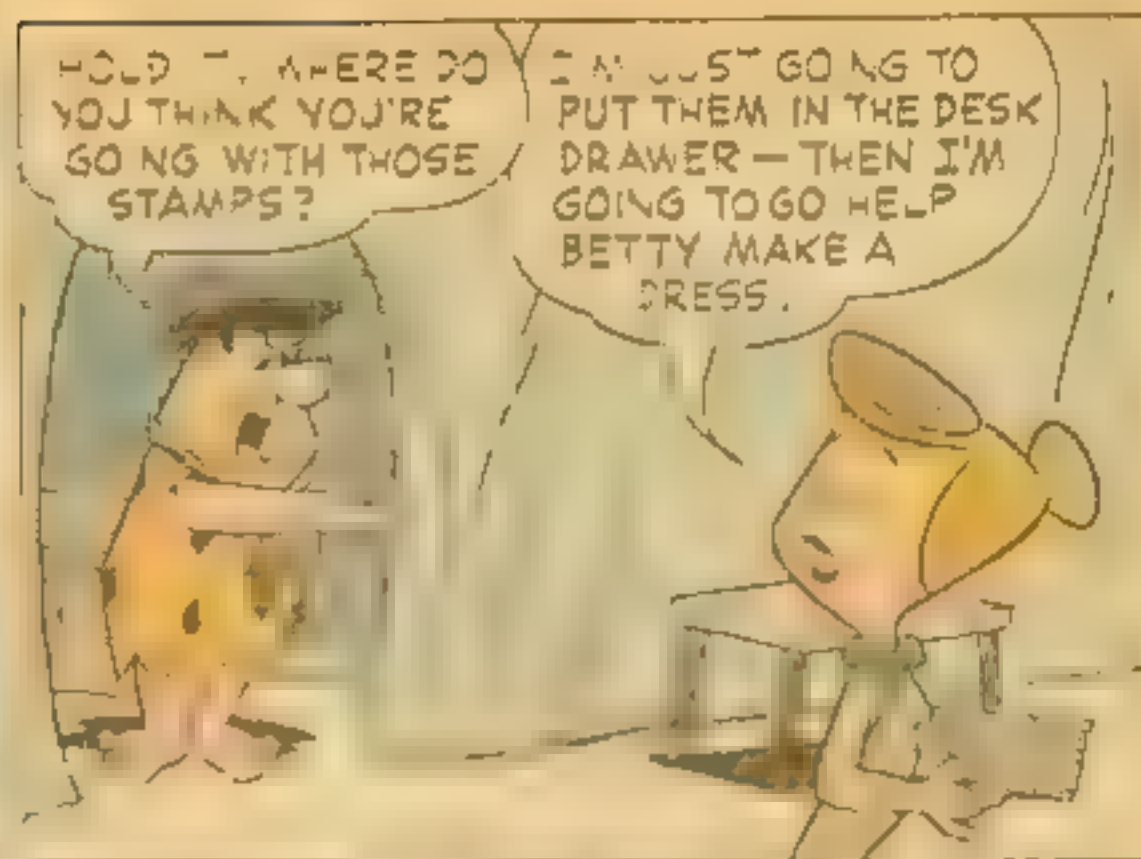
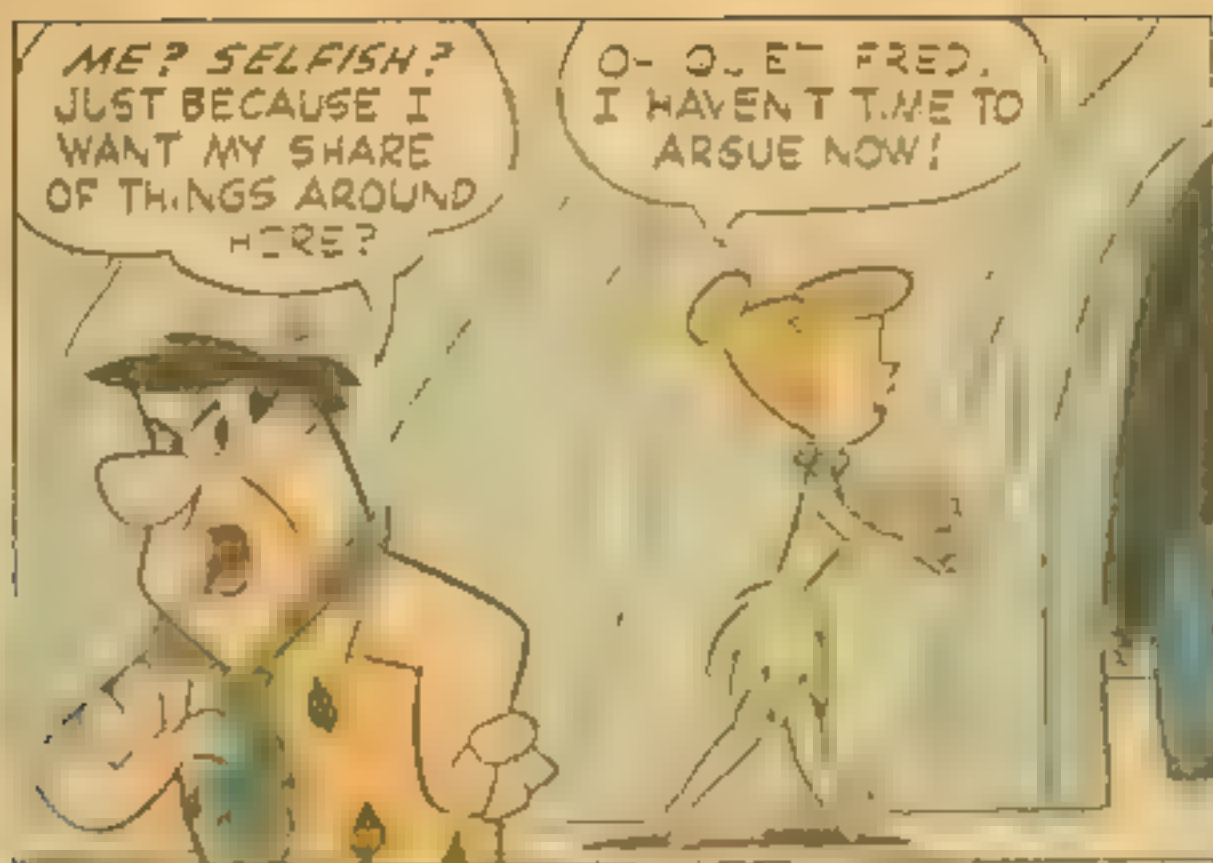




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STAMP HAPPY





OH, NO... SHE WOULDN'T.



BUT THERE'S
ONE WAY TO
END OUT.



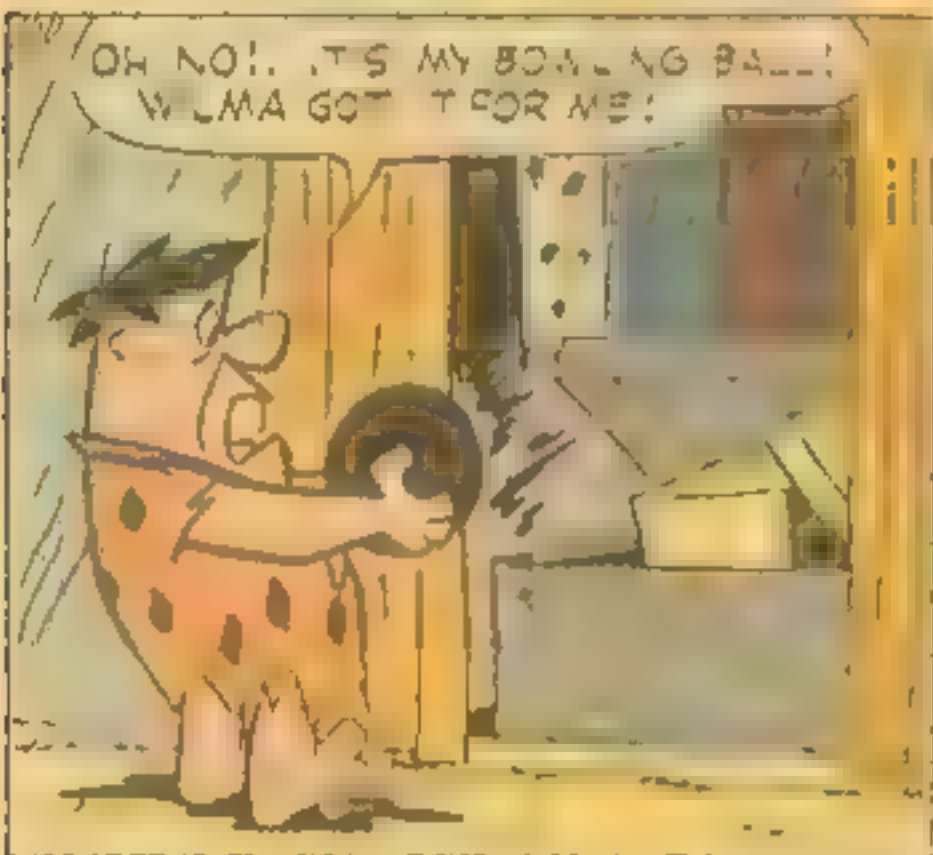
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THE TRADING STAMPS
ARE GONE!



JUST WAIT UNTIL I FACE HER
WITH THAT FALSE FUR.



OH NO! IT'S MY BOWLING BALL!
WILMA GOT IT FOR ME!



OH - HOW COULD I
BE SUCH A FEEBLE?



BUT I'LL MAKE IT
UP TO HER



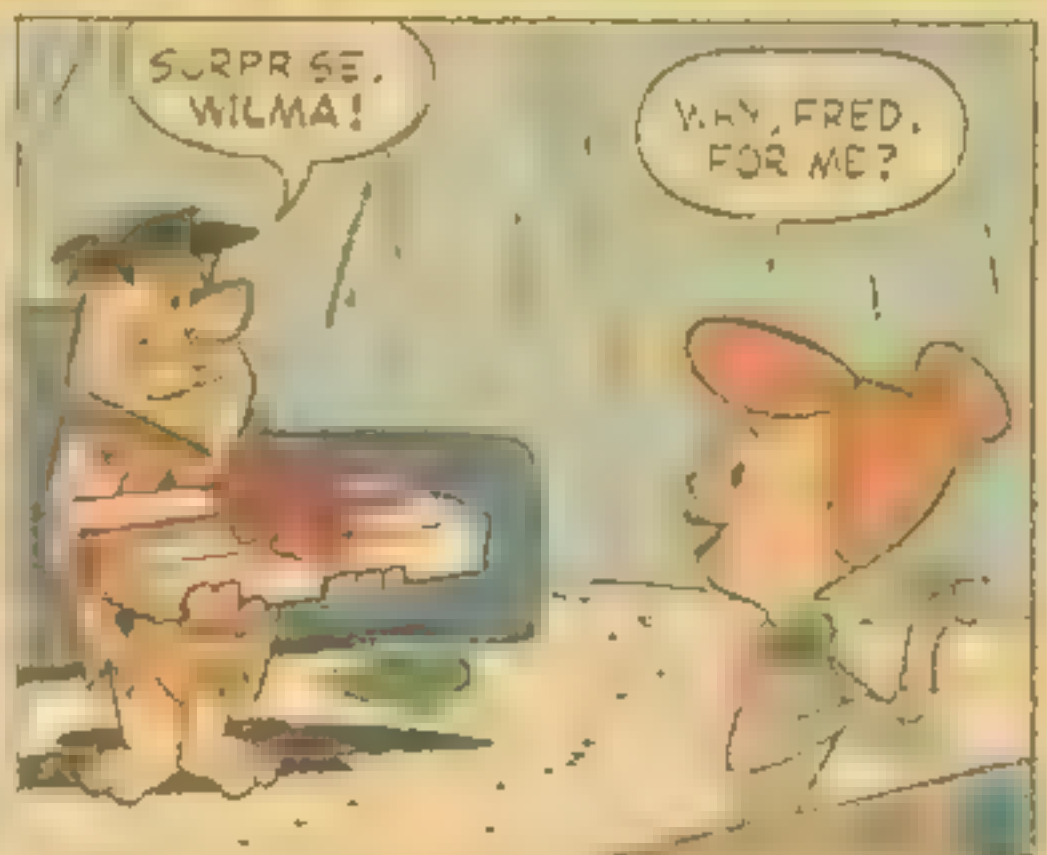
YES, SIR, THIS IS OUR
FINEST GENUINE SABER-
TOOTH TIGER FUR.

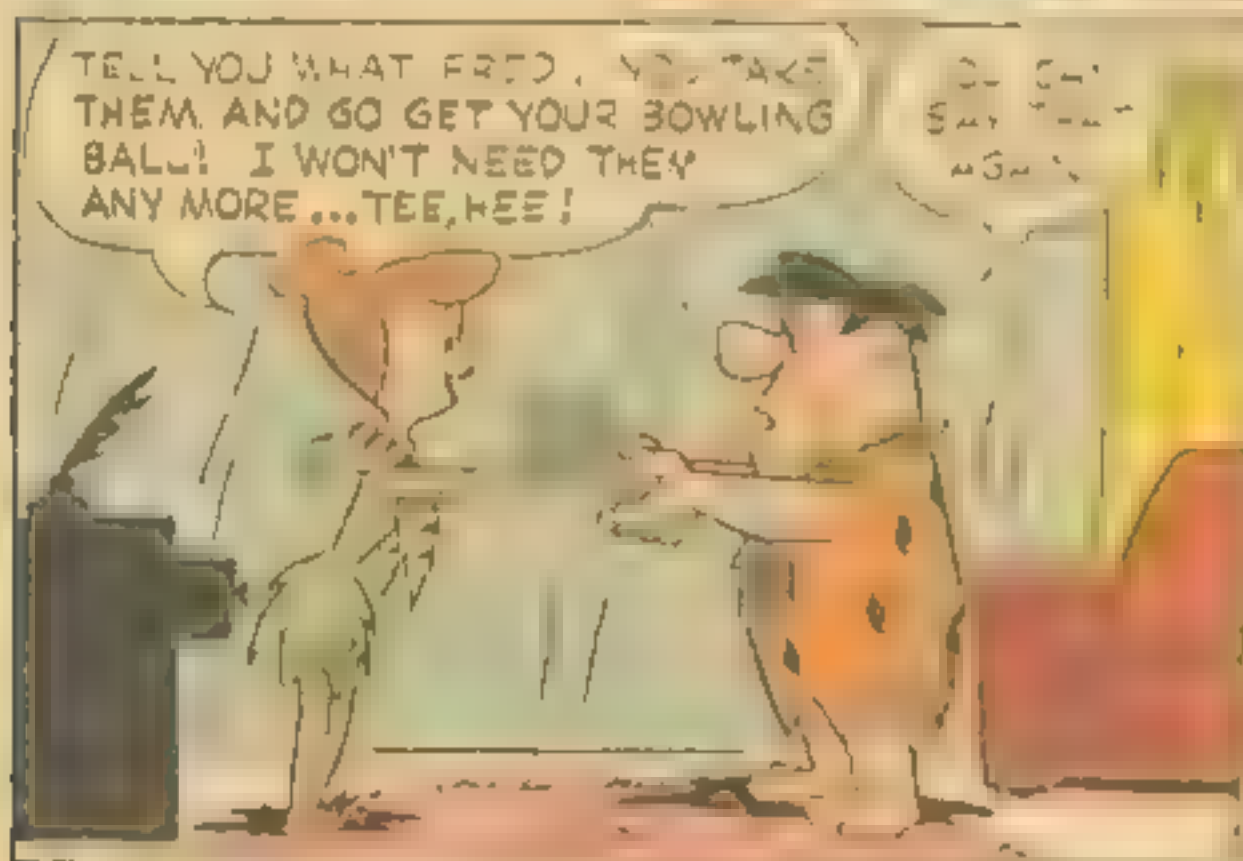
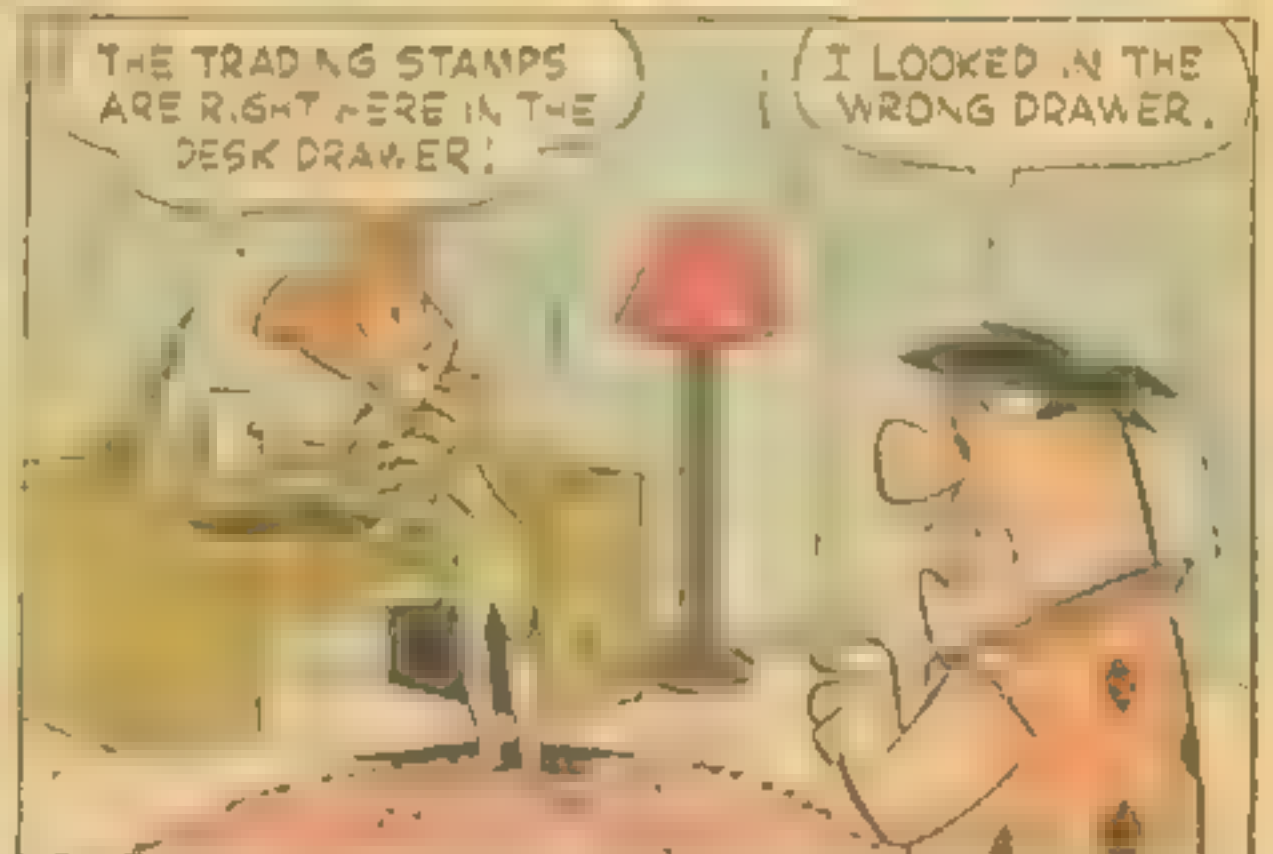
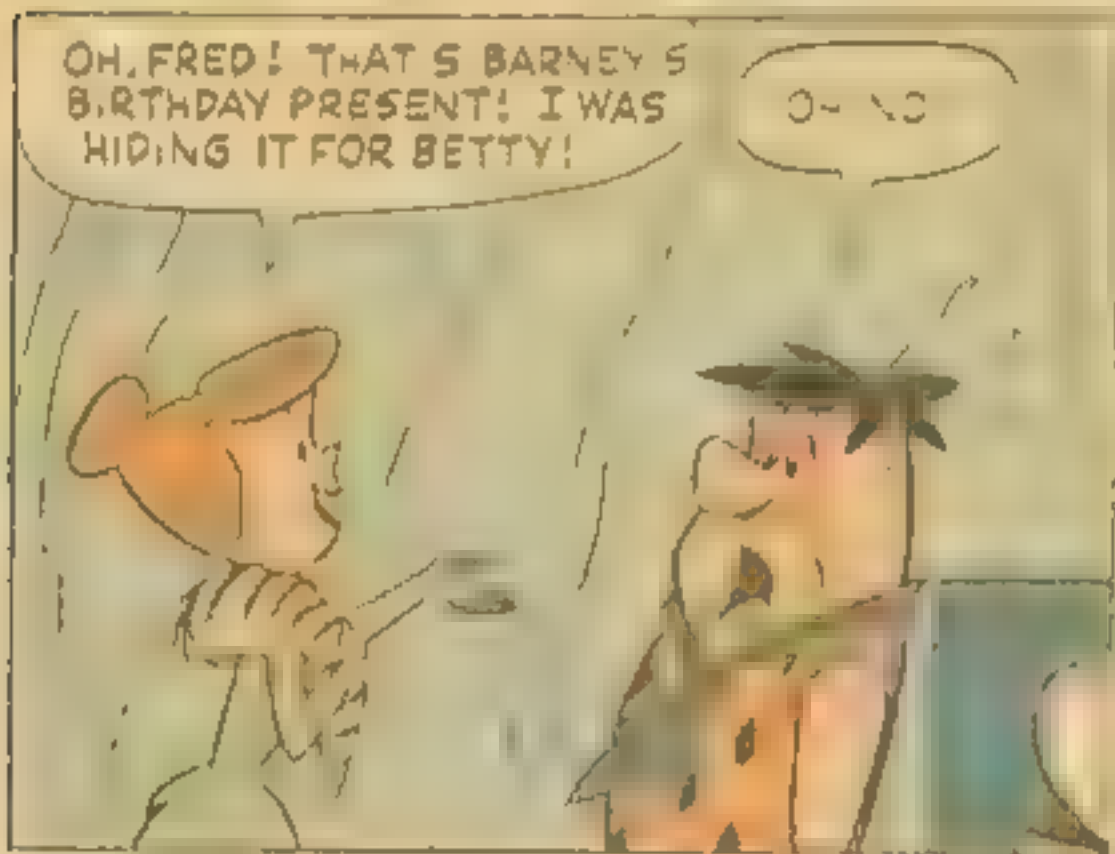
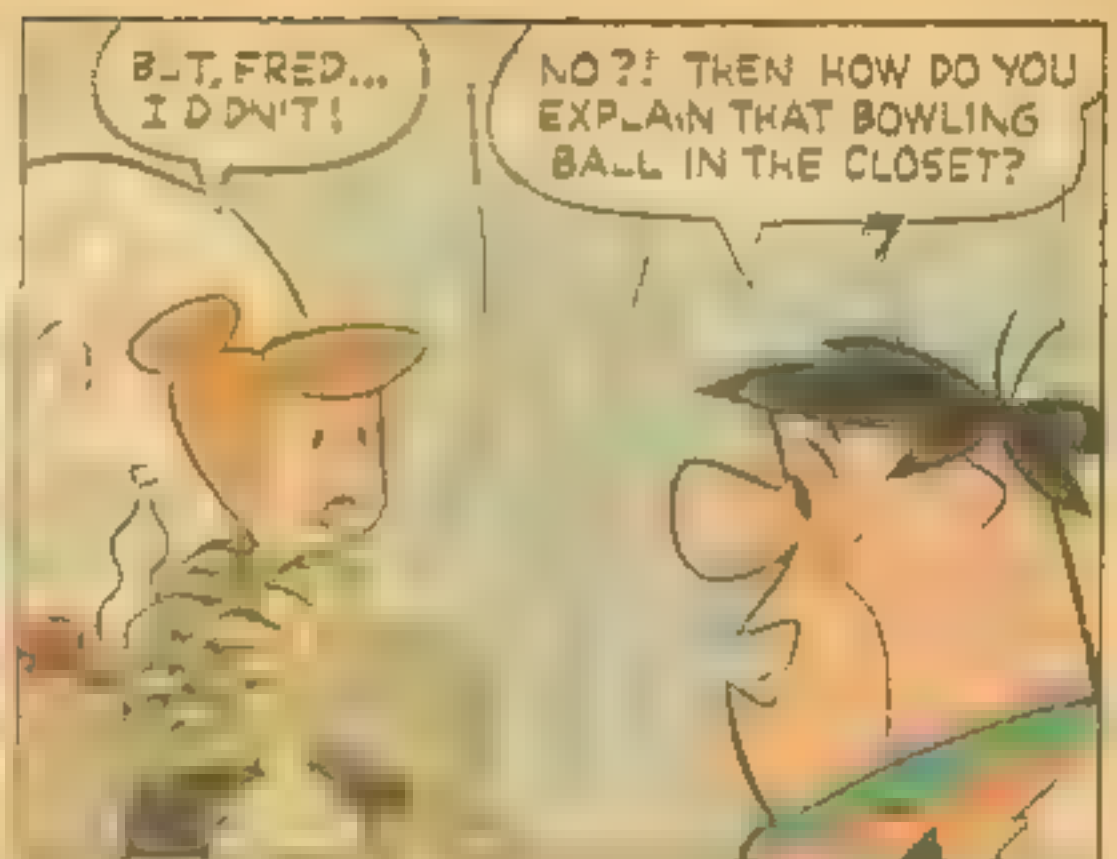
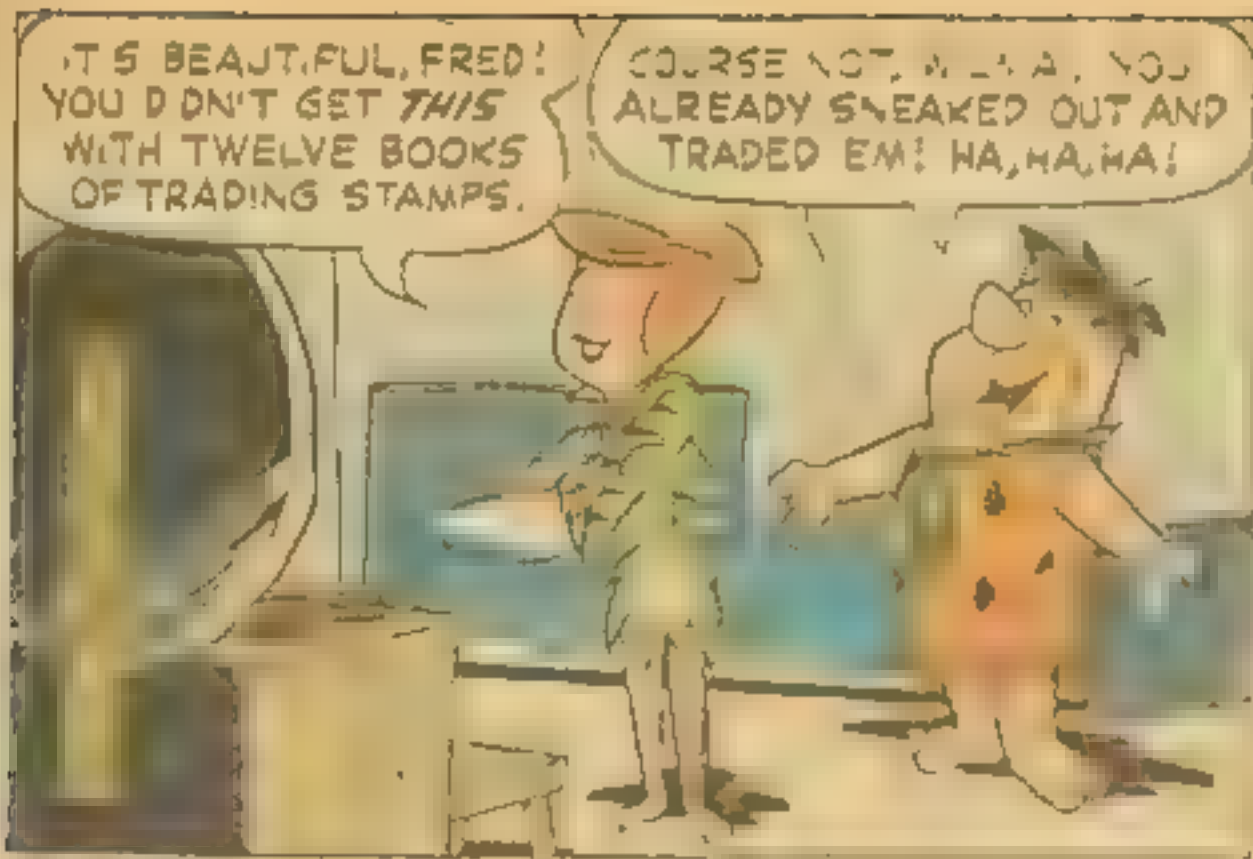
SOFT-WRAP IT, AND
CHARGE IT TO
FREDERICK
FLINTSTONE.



SURPRISE,
WILMA!

WHY, FRED,
FOR ME?





Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

HI, BARNEY!
WHY SO GLUM?

AWW, I JUST STARTED MY
NEW JOB AT THE COLLECTION
AGENCY, AND I DON'T FEEL
RIGHT ABOUT IT!

I'M SUPPOSED TO
REPOSSESS SOME POOR
GUY'S TERRAYS ON SET
JUST BECAUSE HE'S
BEHIND IN HIS PAYMENTS!

DON'T FEEL THAT WAY.
YOU'VE GOT A JOB
TO DO

BESIDES, ANY DEADBEAT THAT DOESN'T
KEEP HIS PAYMENTS UP **DESERVES** TO
LOSE HIS SET! YOU'RE JUST DOING
WHAT'S RIGHT!

YOU REALLY
THINK SO?

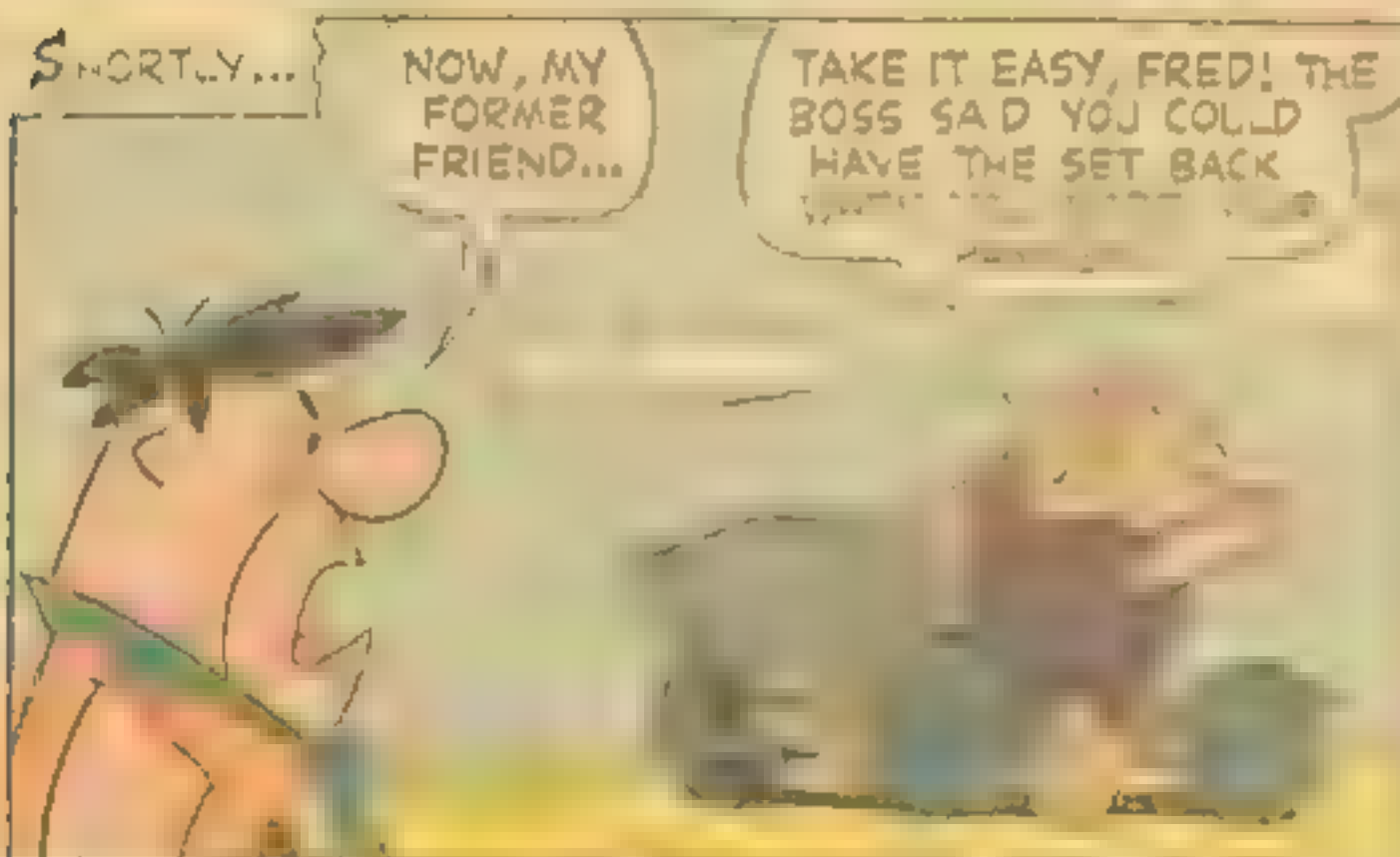
OF COURSE! GO TAKE THE SET OUT
FROM UNDER HIS NOSE! I'M GONNA
MAKE MYSELF A SANDWICH AND
WATCH THE BALL GAME! YOU HUNGRY?

NOPE! I'M
GOING TO WORK!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! I'M TAKING
THAT GUY'S SET RIGHT NOW!

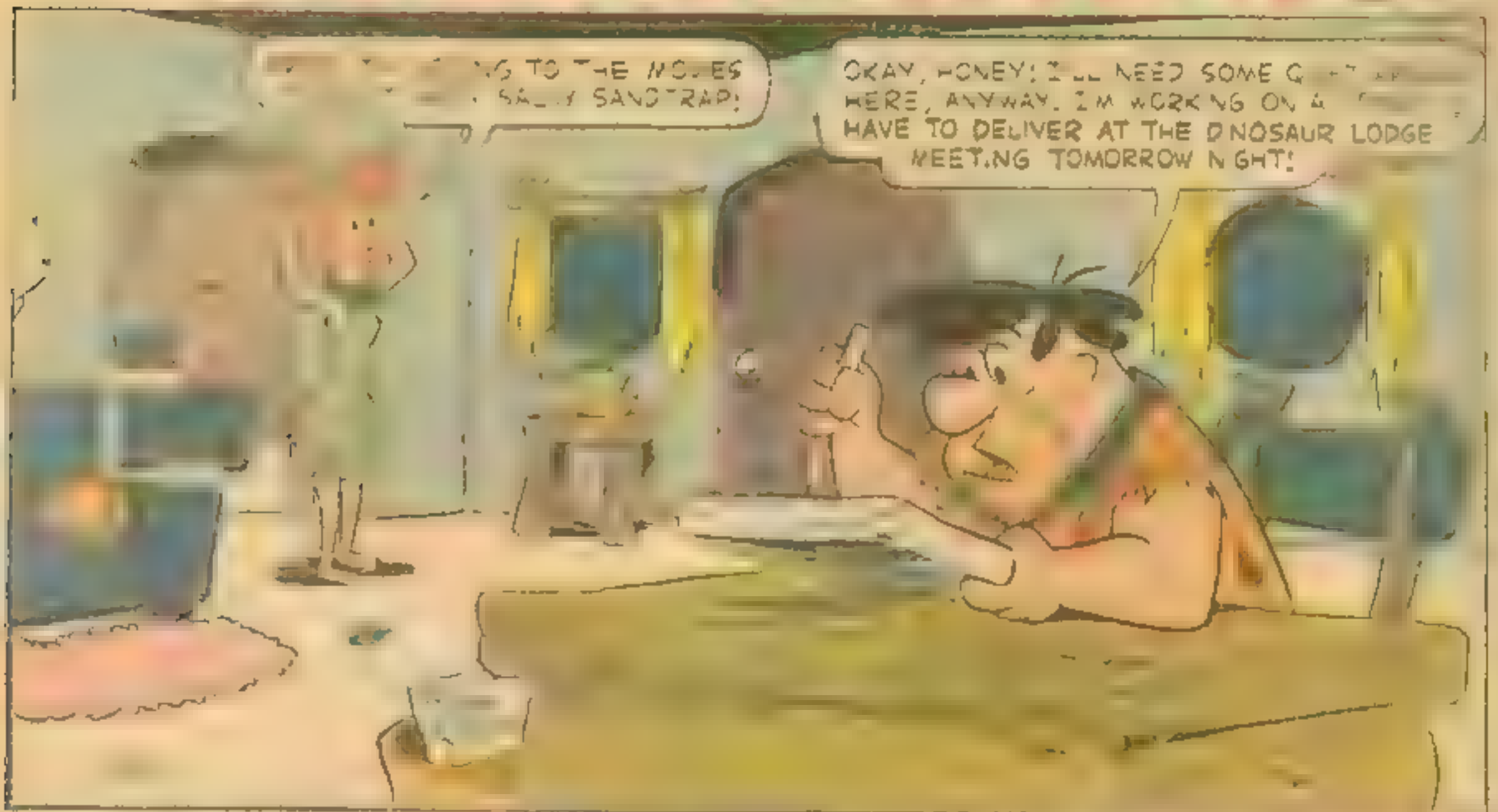
HEH, HEH! BARNEY'S TOO
SOFT! NOW TO TURN ON
THE GAME!

HMMMM! I MUST NEED A NEW
TUBE! THERE'S NO PICTURE
ON THE SET!

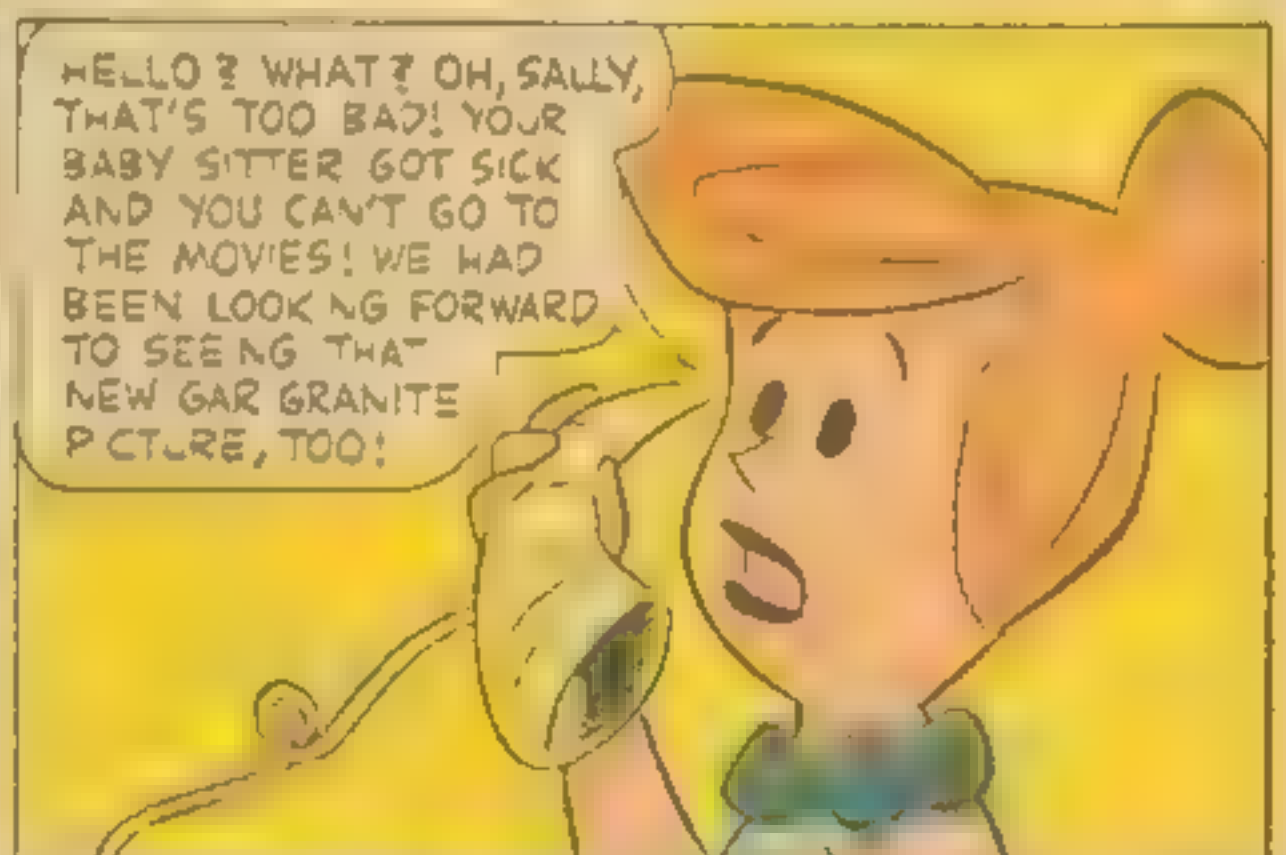


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A CASE OF SLEEPY EYES

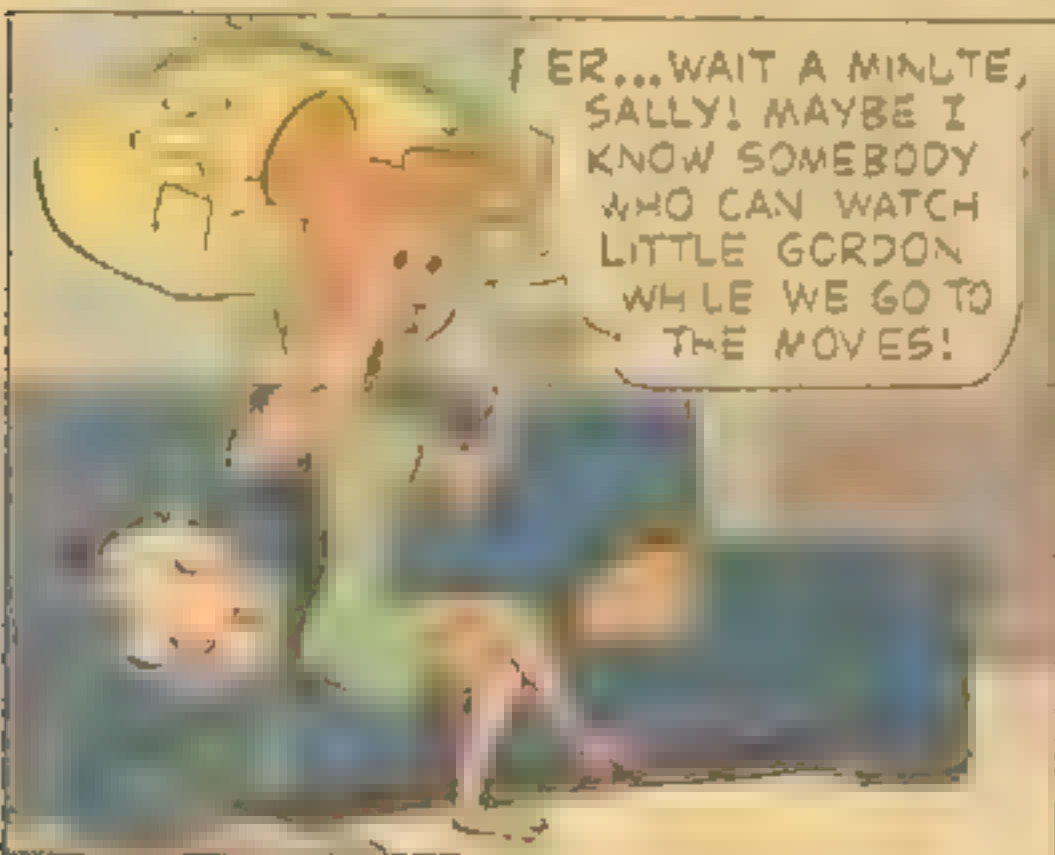
A CASE OF SLEEPIES



HELLO? WHAT? OH, SALLY,
THAT'S TOO BAD! YOUR
BABY SITTER GOT SICK
AND YOU CAN'T GO TO
THE MOVIES! WE HAD
BEEN LOOKING FORWARD
TO SEEING THAT
NEW GAR GRANITE
PICTURE, TOO!

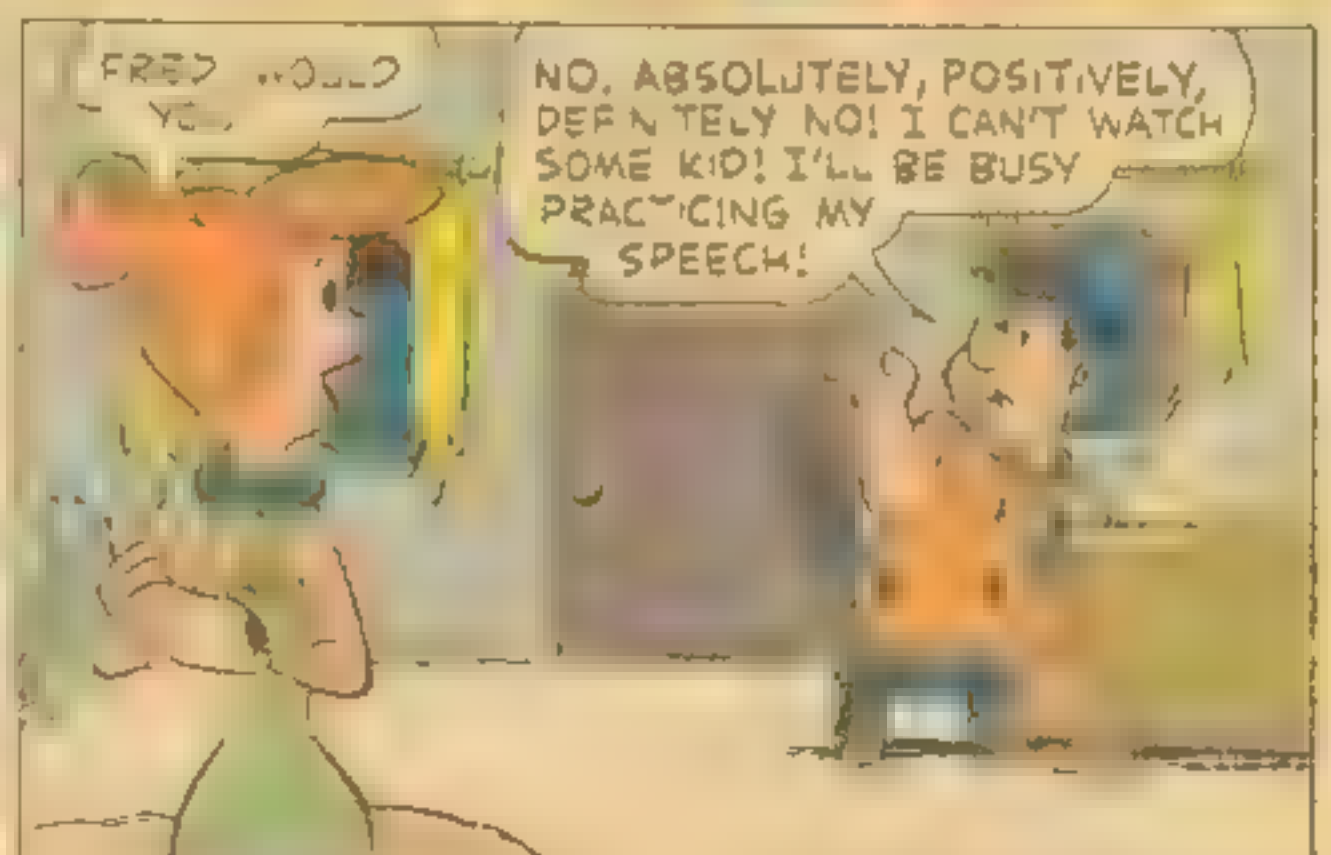


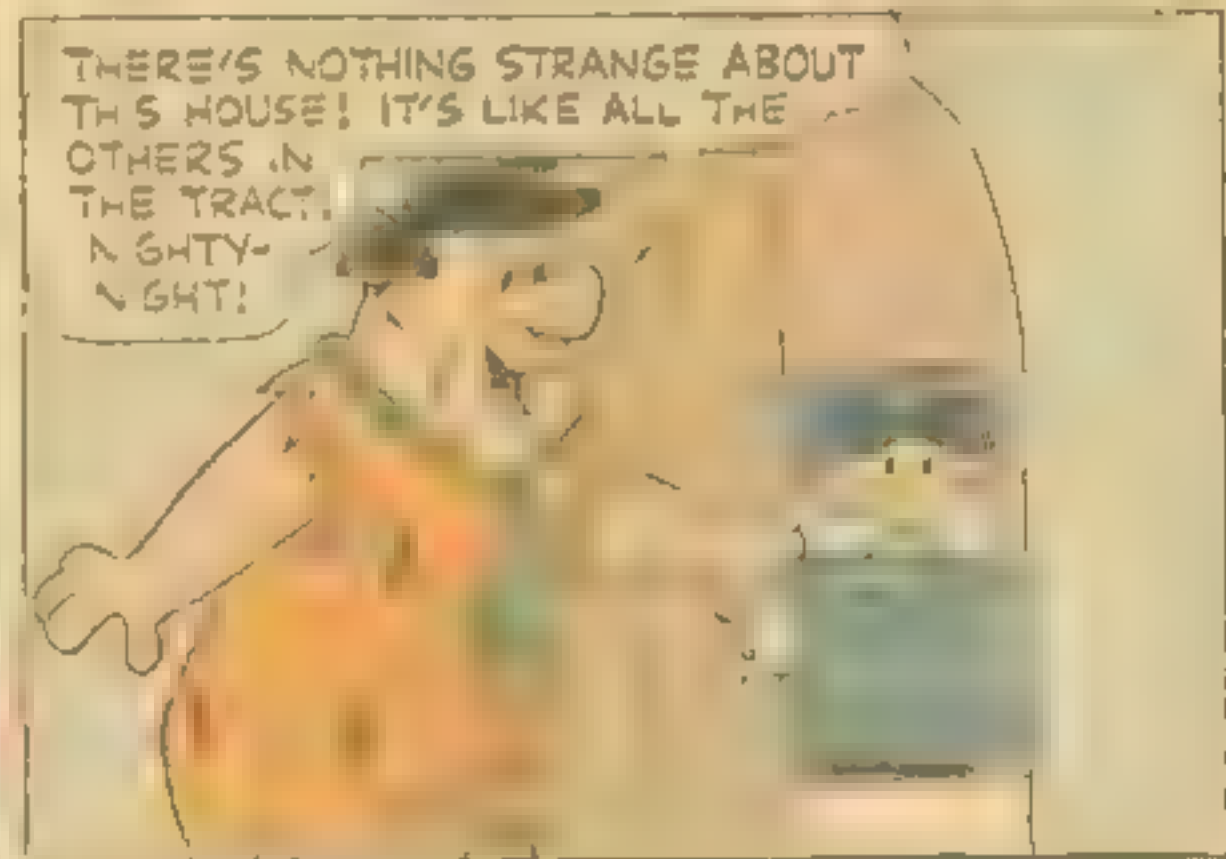
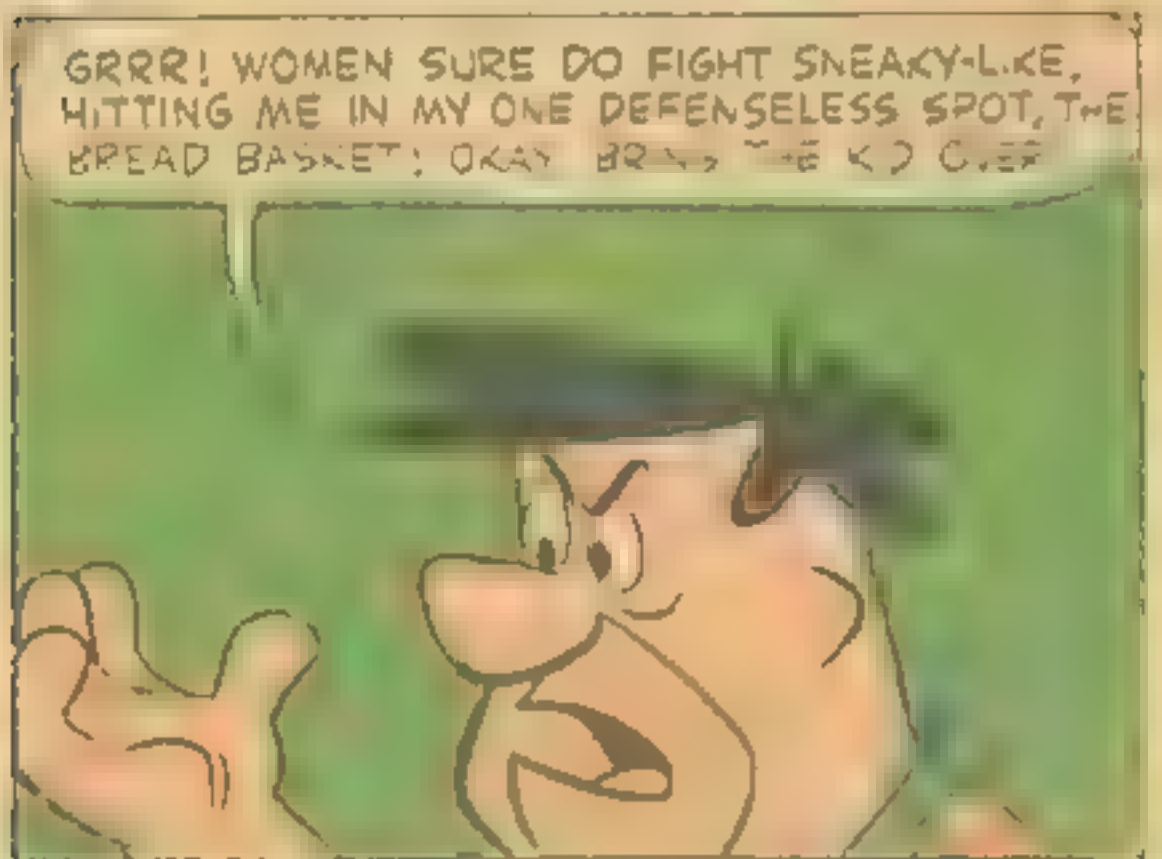
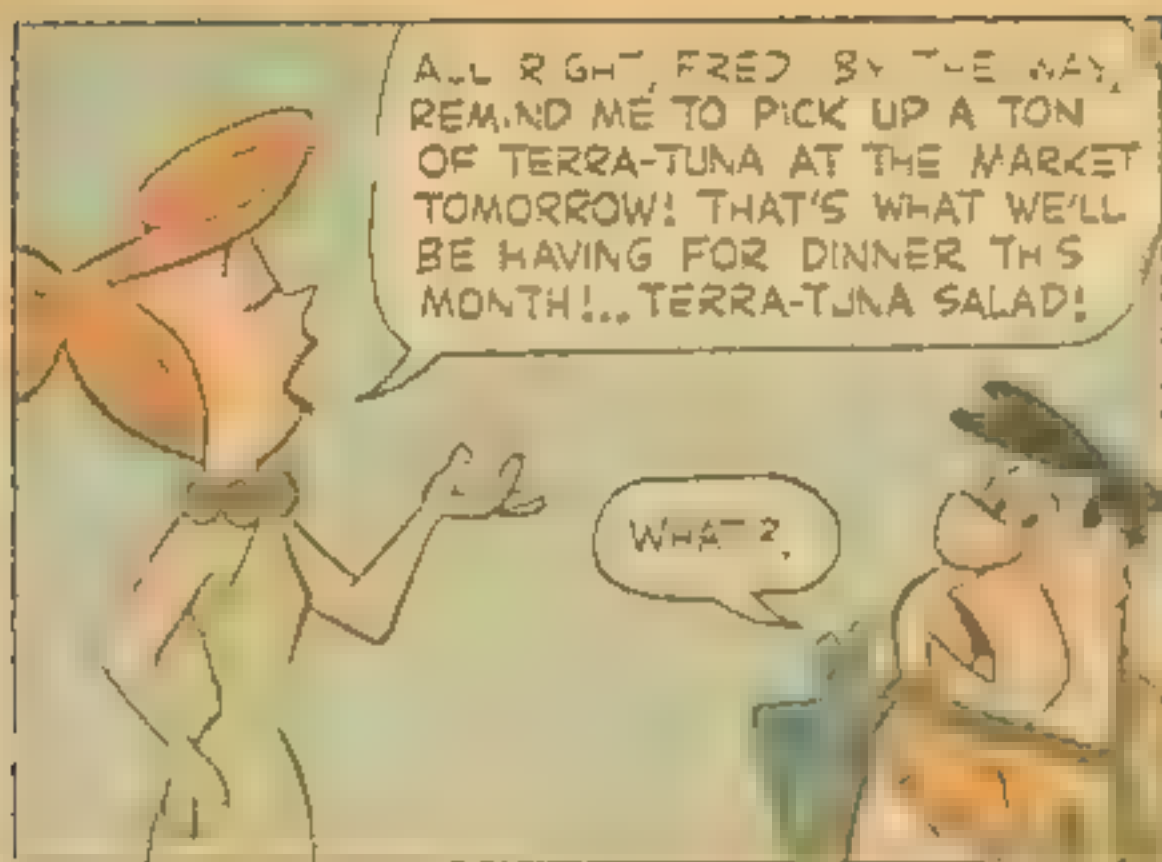
ER...WAIT A MINUTE,
SALLY! MAYBE I
KNOW SOMEBODY
WHO CAN WATCH
LITTLE GORDON
WHILE WE GO TO
THE MOVES!

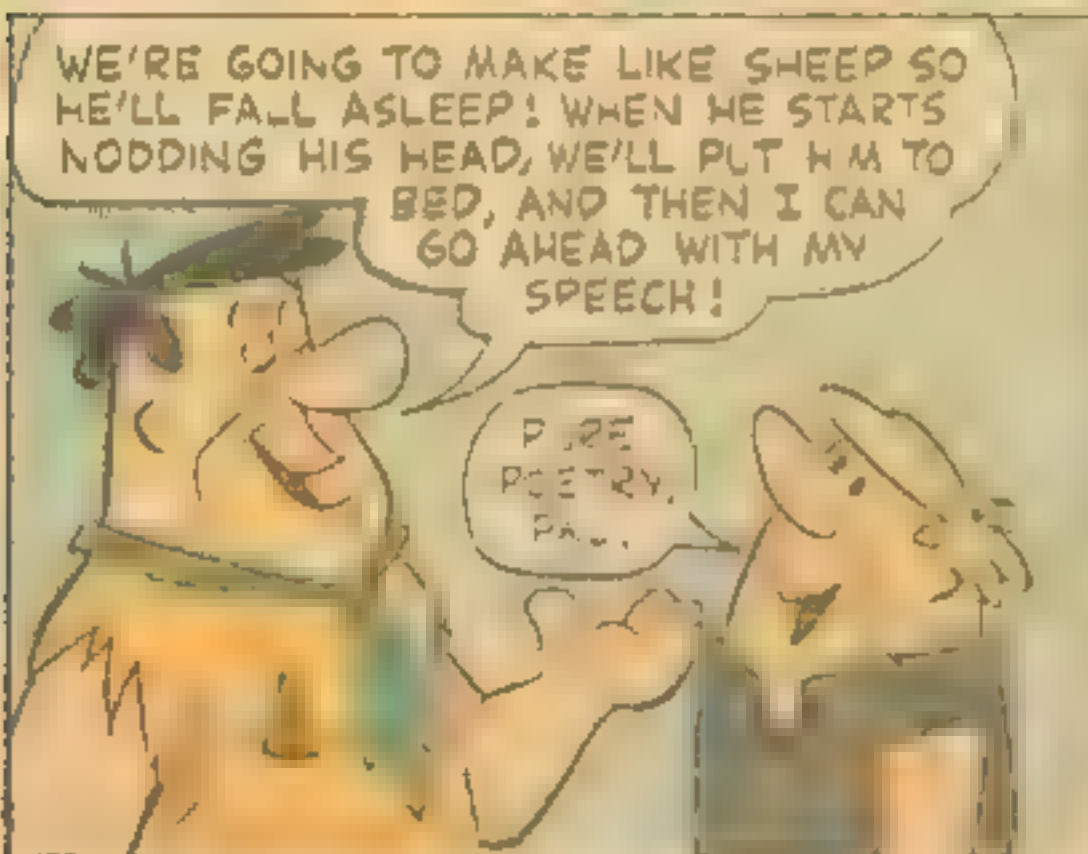
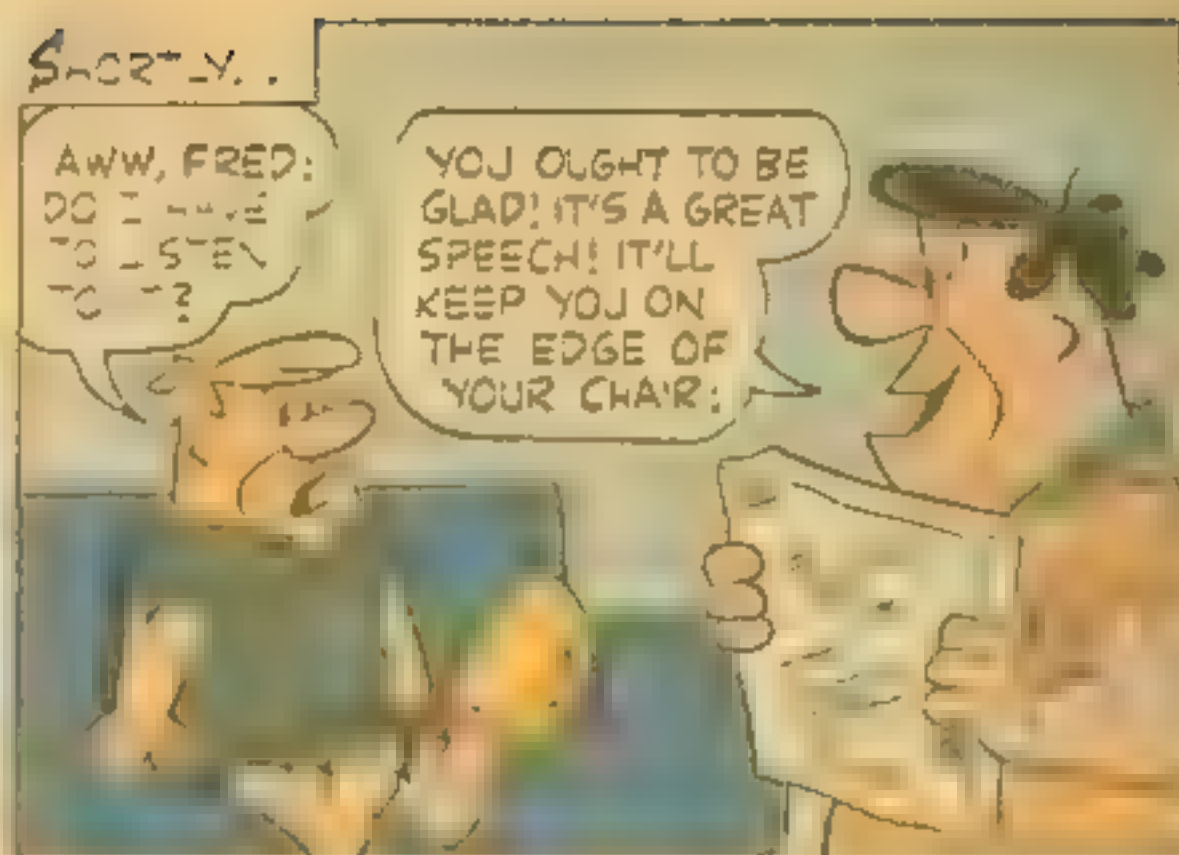
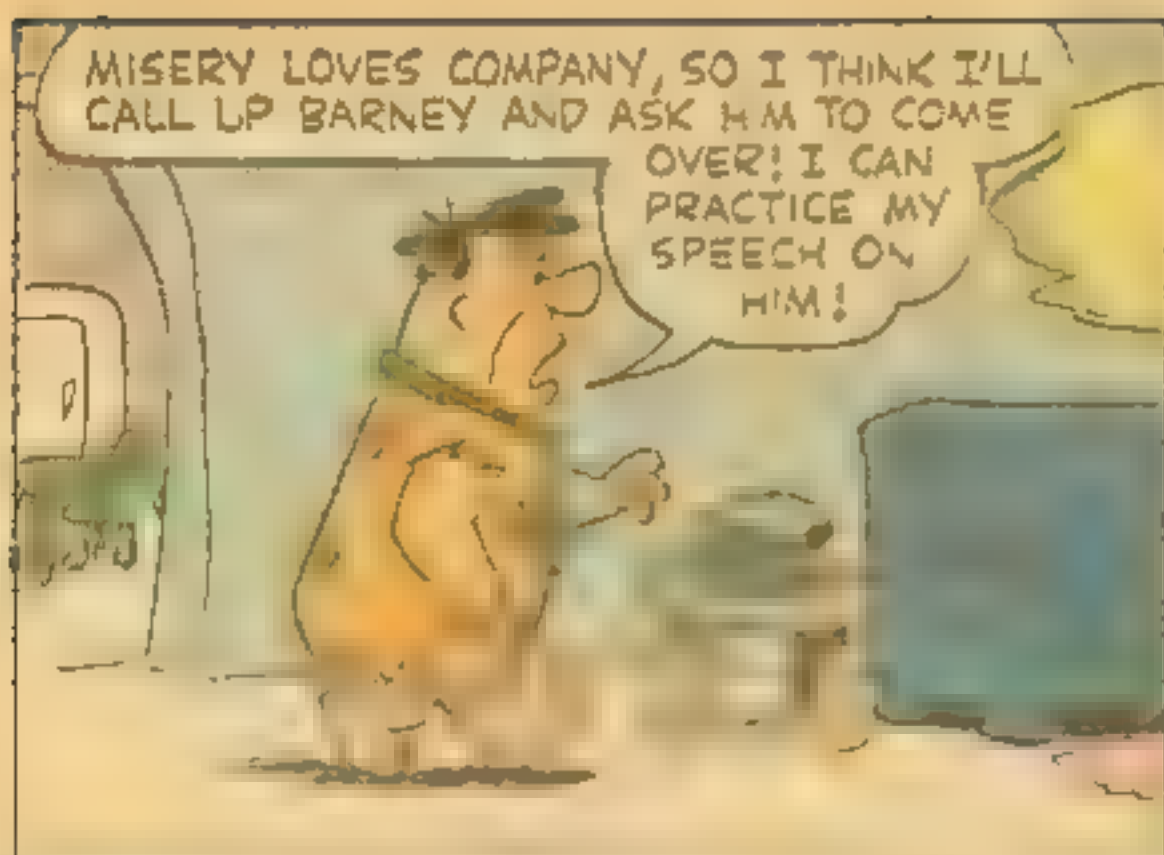


FRED WOULD
- YES, —

NO. ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY,
DEFN TELY NO! I CAN'T WATCH
SOME KID! I'LL BE BUSY
PRACTICING MY
SPEECH!

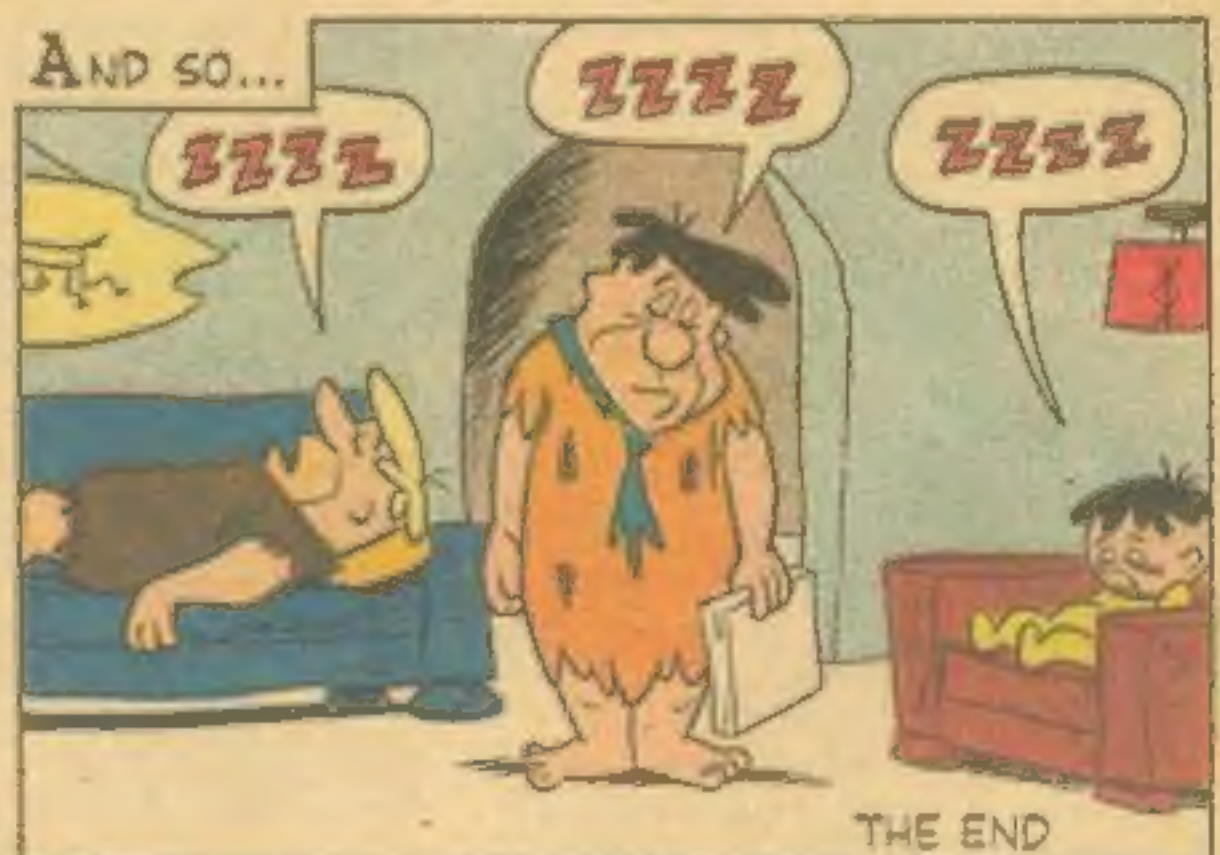
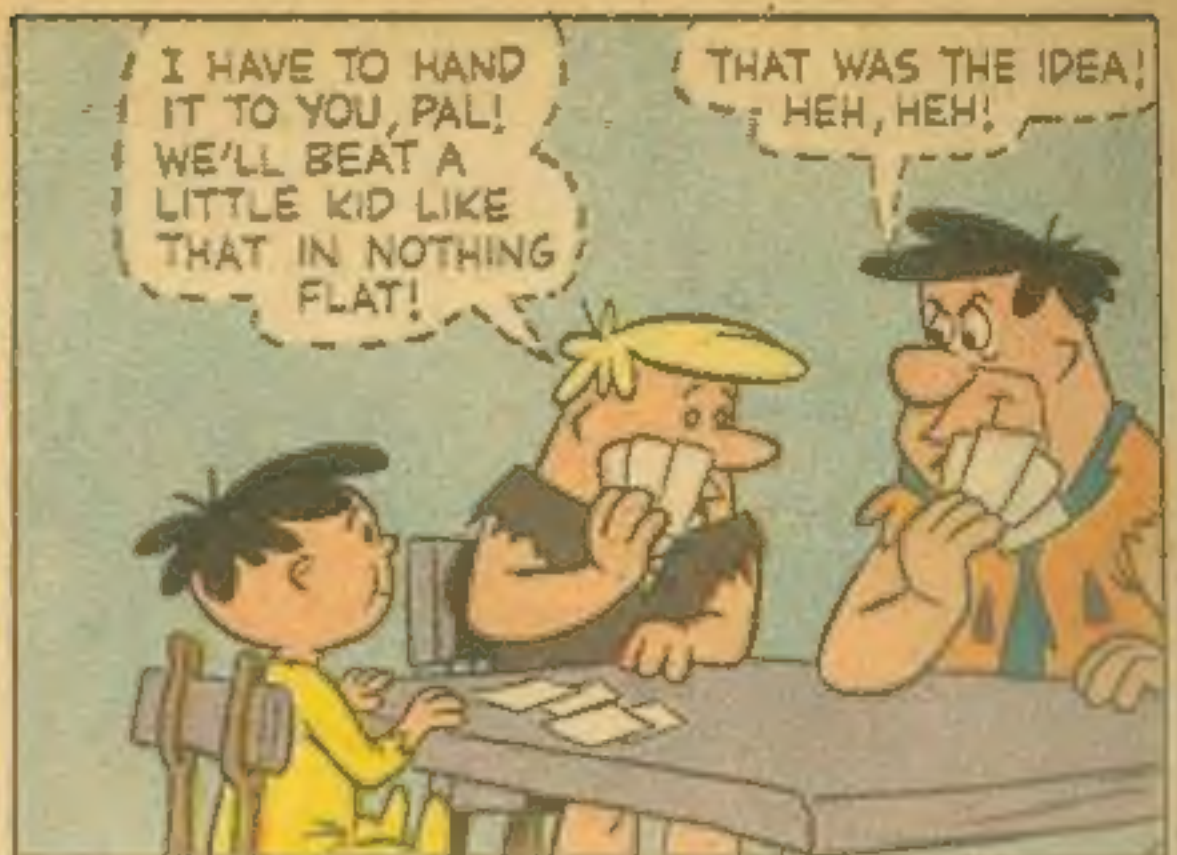




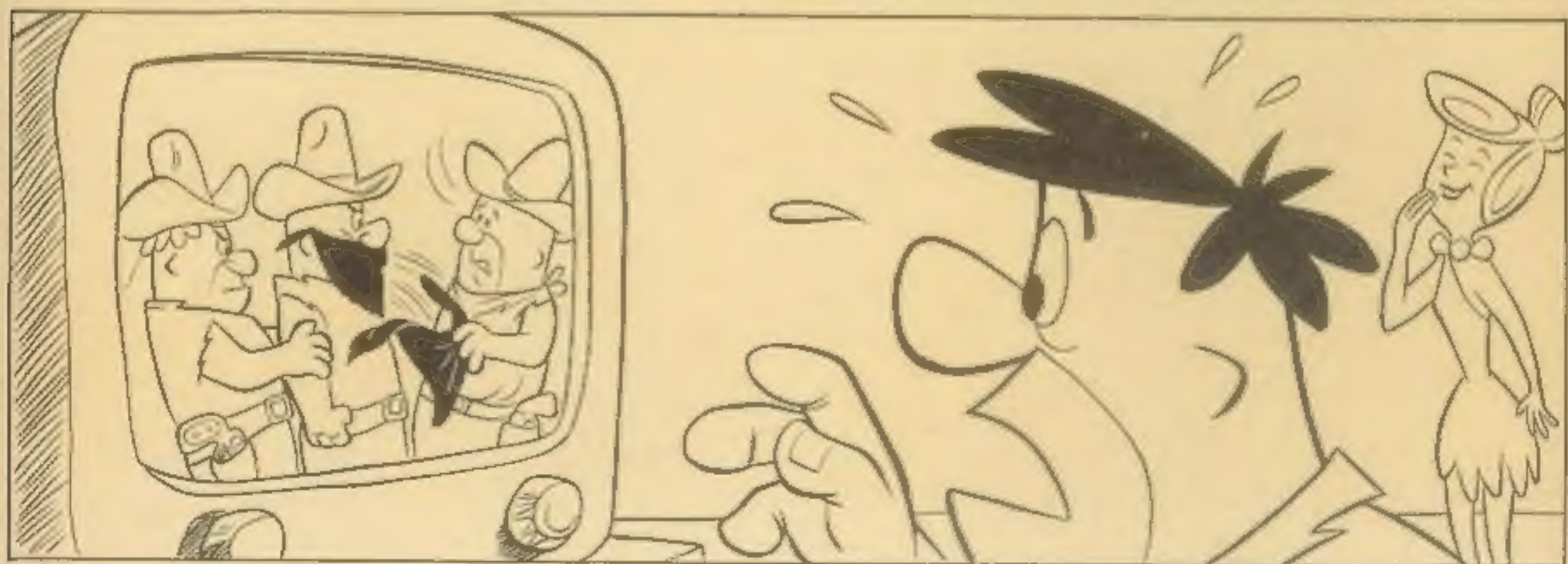
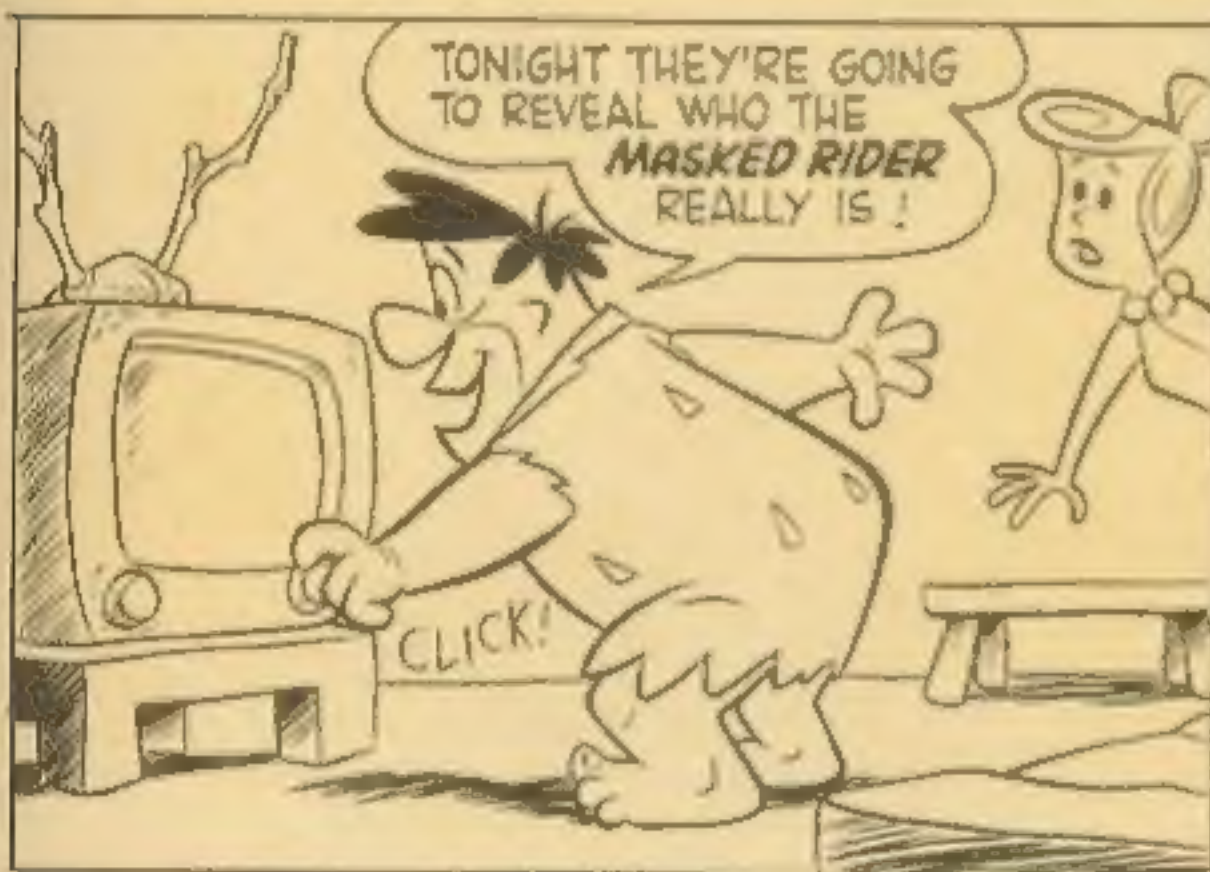
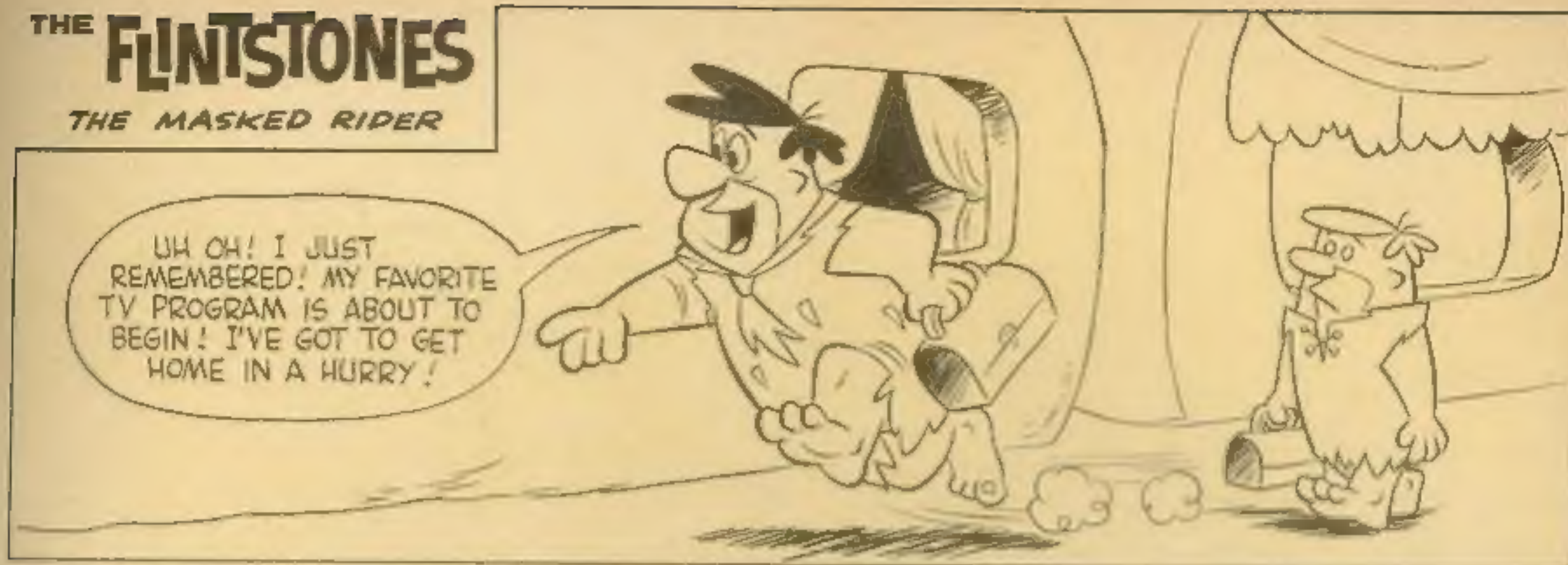


LOTS OF LEAPS LATER...





THE **FLINTSTONES**
THE MASKED RIDER



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THE FLINTSTONES
BIG CATCH

